



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 30 – Number 11

March 2013

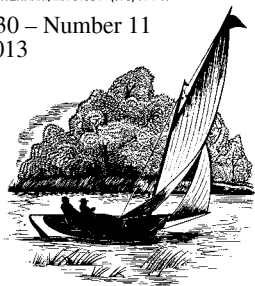
Special Features This Issue
Arctic Ice Viewed from the Cockpit
Round the Island...Almost
Fall Descends on the Tiki Hut
What If? – What Does TSCA Do?



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

This year's WoodenBoat School catalog turned up here with a note from school director Rich Hilsinger about how it's been so many years now. He first showed up there as a student in 1983, the same year I started publishing this magazine. He stayed on to assist earlier school directors and in 1990 took over as director. That's 22 years now and counting running the school. He must love what he's doing.

I attended the school in the late '80s (I don't recall just when now and couldn't find if/when I wrote it up in the magazine) to take a sailmaking course under the direction of Nat Wilson. In one week I made a very nice spritsail for my then boat, a Penobscot Wherry. So did the other students and we all went over to the Brooklin waterfront at week's end to test sail our handiwork on some peapods loaned to the school for the testing. It was great fun and very satisfying as working with cloth and hand and machine sewing had not been my forte.

I had not opted for any of the wooden boat building courses as I had already taken a basic course in 1978 well before I launched the magazine. When searching around for how I wanted to get into boating in the mid '70s I had been reading the early *WoodenBoat* and *National Fisherman* (mainly for John Gardner's column). In the latter John mentioned how one Ed Davis was offering a two week course in building a basic lapstrake skiff at his home on the western (working waterfront) shore of Mt Desert Island, Maine.

I contacted Ed and got in and spent two summer weeks there in an old barn Ed had rented for his "school" with several other wannabe boat builders. It was a great experience. I slept in my van and went home on the intervening weekend to catch up with any urgent issues that had arisen with my two motorcycle magazines of the time. We all brought home our skiffs, basic hulls completed, ready for trimming out with gunwales, thwarts, rowlocks, etc.

Subsequent sea trials showed my skiff to be quite heavy and too narrow in the stern so it sat down at the rear underway. It worked OK but was not a thing to be cherished. It turned out that the building experience was the thing of value and I never after found lapstrake planking to be intimidating. The skiff ended up under some bushes down behind our barn until one day a poet friend of friends discovered it and photographed it for the cover of her about to be published book of poetry.

After this brief moment of fame and glory it was back under the bush again where it lived on for a few more years collecting autumn leaves until it was finally offered up in a Viking funeral I staged in the adjacent field for several other lost cause project boats I had collected. That fire was also fun and solved the problem my dreaming of restoring old boats had created.

One long range useful result occurred when a story I wrote about the school appeared in Dave Getchell's introductory issue of *Small Boat Journal*. This led to my selling more stories to Dave until *SBJ* was sold and then I moved on to launch *MAIB*.

Ed never did his school again, at the time he was in the midst of building a replica of Joshua Slocum's *Spray*, which in due course he launched and proceeded to sail along the New England coast as a floating gallery for his paintings. One of several brothers in a lobstering family, Ed was the outsider, pursuing his art as life rather than hauling traps.

WoodenBoat School has prospered over all the years since and certainly provides a wonderful summer vacation for any wooden boat nut who can persuade his family that it is all right to do this instead of renting that cottage at the beach and staring out to sea for a week burning up in the sun.

This issue also has several other announcements about boat building school opportunities, ranging from Chesapeake Light Craft's schedule of build-your-own boat from their kits to the Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding's ongoing serious level professional courses leading to degrees in various boat building skills and future jobs in the trade.

No, I no longer feel the tug of building a boat, let alone ever going to school again to learn anything. Whatever I cannot learn from day to day living and doing in my own shop from now on will just be lost to me. My boat project this winter is putting on another layer of fiberglass on the 10' doorskin kayak Cockleshell I designed (!) and built about 1990 for use this coming season poking even further into obscure inland freshwater waterways with friend Charlie where my present 14' Wilderness Systems Tsunami is reluctant to fit. The rather thin ply hull will need some protection from whatever may lurk beneath the surface of these untraveled ways.

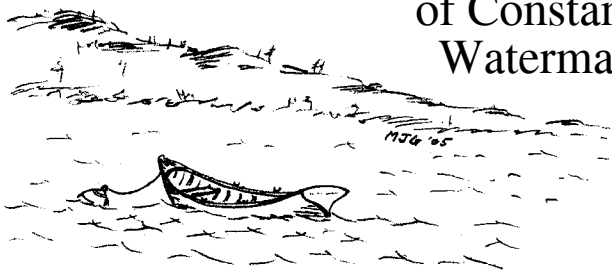
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On the Cover...

Icebergs ahead! Gail Ferris returns to our pages with a retrospective photo essay on paddling amongst the ice on her several trips to Greenland and Baffin Island in the high Arctic. Her photos capture the natural grandeur of that region, her comments describe some of her experiences encountering and dealing with the ice.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

Finally hauled my Whitehall pulling boat. She's been tethered in my summer slip, behind our old shop that isn't there anymore. Every other boat was moved when they turned the power off two months ago, preparatory to dismantling the building. I moved *MoonWind* but left my Whitehall, meaning to take her home.

Last week we had an ice storm. The Whitehall collected about 3" of precipitation and rendered it solid ice. As the temperature has scarcely made it to freezing this past month, and promised to continue, I decided it was time to leave my swivel chair and act.

I had checked my friend's Able 20 after the ice storm. His cockpit drains had frozen solid and several inches of ice had usurped his cockpit. The two of us went down to the yard on Sunday to solve our problems. He wanted to row my Whitehall the 200 yards to the ramp. He's wanted to row her ever since I bought her three years ago. She's a heavy boat, well over 100lbs, but she tracks very well and her weight provides her momentum. Her 7 1/2' spruce oars are perfect for her 11'6" length and nearly 4' beam. Unfortunately, the adjustable footrest was embedded in the ice. Aside from that and the extra weight, he had an enjoyable row.

Part of the water around the ramp was frozen, but he edged her up to the pier. I held her as he climbed out. Then we hauled her onto the ramp and attempted, unsuccessfully, to lift her into my truck. Amazing how much 30 gallons of frozen water is attracted to the earth. And how much it refuses bailing.

I looked behind my seat and, amid the confusion of tools and towels and gloves and jumper cables, found a hard rubber mallet, just the thing for convincing that ice to fracture. We tossed out pounds and pounds of it. Then we hoisted the Whitehall up and secured her for the ride. In my driveway, we laid her, upside down, across two horses. I scrubbed the slime from her bottom, sluiced her down, gave her a pillow and blanket, and tucked her in. I would have read her a story, but she was already sound asleep.

We returned to the boatyard and dealt with his Able 20. He turned on his portable heater and discovered it didn't work. We drove to the local heater store and purchased a new one and 20lbs of rock salt. We debated whether this latter could harm the boat, and decided it might corrode metal and would probably deteriorate fabric and paint. As his drains are PVC and his cockpit, Gel coat, we dumped several pounds of salt on top of his iceberg. The new heater went down below, aimed at the frozen drains. The effect of the salt was immediate and gratifying. We replaced a dock line forward and buttoned up his boat.

MoonWind had little ice in her. My drains lead out the transom without any hoses. A partial puddle of ice was all that remained. However, my companionway sliding hatch was frozen solid. The sleet had built up on the forward side 1" thick. As I'd varnished my hatch slides this fall, I wasn't eager to pile rock salt on them. Perhaps I'll try some mallet therapy.

My outboard motor started right up. It gasped a few times while I pumped the primer bulb, then smoothed out. The automatic choke worked well, in a couple of minutes she settled right down as gratified as any contented kitten. I ran her ten minutes, then turned her off and tipped her out of the water. I scrubbed the slime from her housing and prop and left her out of the water. The zinc looked intact. It's important to take precautions against electrolysis: we don't encourage our mummichogs to sport aluminum scales.

The ocean declined, for once, to assault the shore. The temperature clawed past the freezing mark. A delightful day of sun and sparkling water. Several people messed about on their boats at the finger piers; started their engines; scraped away ice; secured their tarpaulins; visualized lilacs and daffodils.



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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Crystal River Boat Bash

The 2013 Crystal River Boat Bash begins on Thursday April 25 and continues through April 28. General public day is the April 27, 10am-3pm. The other days are for all of us to hang out and ply. Camping is available.

We are strategically placed in time and location between the Cortez Festival and the Cedar Key Messabout. Come show off your boat and talk boats with all of us. We follow TSCA guidelines loosely but love all boats.

More details are on our website at <http://www.tscanet.net/CRBB/>. Watch for updates there and on Facebook at <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Crystal-River-Boat-Builders/111492652253961>.

Steve Kingery, Crystal River, FL

Lake Pepin Messabout

The 2013 Lake Pepin Messabout will be May 31-June 2, in Lake City, Minnesota. The event is free and open to all who love homebuilt boats. Full event details and photos of past messabouts, can be found at lakepepinmessabout.com.

Adventures & Experiences...

More on St Mary's Bay

I read with interest Ernie Cassidy's piece on St Mary's Bay in Nova Scotia. I hope he will make good on his promise to tell us more. I last saw St Mary's Bay in 1946 or 1947 when, at the age of six or seven, I went up there with my aunt, uncle and grandmother to stay at a boarding house near the bay. The boarding house was part of a working farm run by a couple, their two young daughters (my age) and a son, Geordie, who was a couple of years older. The trip was a magical experience, not only to a beautiful place but back in time to an era when the fields were plowed by oxen, and the boats were all powered by one luner.

Mr Cassidy says the water in the bay is cold, but the water across the neck in the Bay of Fundy is colder. I remember a blueberry picking excursion across the neck to the big bay on a hot August afternoon. I made the mistake of sticking my foot into the Bay of Fundy where it immediately cramped and curled up like a cutworm.

I hope that in his future writings Mr Cassidy will tell us a little about what life is like there now. I hope it hasn't changed too much.

W. R. Cheney, Lady's Island, SC

Same Boat from 1976-77

You might be interested to know that this boat, which I am now offering for sale in your Classified Marketplace, is the boat that was next to yours in Mel Nelson's Danvers,

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Massachusetts, boatyard back in the winter of 1976-1977. This is the same boat that you reminded me, some years back, of my having dug a hole under the stern to in order remove the rudder.

We rebought the boat January of last year from the widow of the then most recent owner. However, when sailing her last summer it rapidly became clear that we were not as agile as we had once been. Also, the increased number of lobster pot buoys in the Beverly/Salem/Gloucester area required such a constant vigilance it left little time for peaceful relaxation. It is still a nice boat though, and hopefully someone younger will find times on her rewarding.

Thank you for your continuing inspired and inspiring efforts with *MAIB*. Very best wishes.

David and Marsha Banks, Buxton, ME



Information of Interest...

New Names, New Logos

The Florida Maritime Museum at Cortez has recently become the Florida Maritime Museum with a new logo, dropping the Netman which was a concession to the Village of Cortez. That is another degree of separation, as is a division from the local TSCA and FISH (Florida Institute for Saltwater Heritage) and a couple other political entanglements. FMM is still a project of Manatee County.

Irwin Schuster Tampa, FL

FMM logo was:



FMM logo now:



PD Racers... Everything for Free

Other sailboat clubs have required plans that you must pay for (whether you build a boat or not), charge annual membership fees, local chapter fees, race event fees, etc. I have always offered everything for FREE and done my best to provide you with all the tools you need to connect with other duckers to get out and do our motto:

Free plans
Free building instructions
Free hull registration
Free lifetime membership

I have organized PD events anyone can enter for free.

I purchase advertising to help our class grow.

I continually promote the class to help it grow.

I continually add new content to the website to help duckers.

I continually maintain and update the central membership list so you can directly contact any other ducker on the planet.

I provide a personalized profile page for every ducker listing their articles, that way when other duckers browse the member list, see what you are doing and contact you to get involved.

If you like the club, how about purchasing an HIN Plate? This is the way I raise funds to support the class and pay for the operating and maintenance costs ever since starting the class back in 2003. Most importantly, the funds are desperately needed for promotion. I purchase ads on other sailing sites to bring in new members so we can all have more duckers to sail with.

You can see some of the effects of this by looking at the latest registered hulls, we have new duckers joining us all the time and an incredible growth rate.

There are hundreds of other boat designs out there (many are just stagnant websites selling plans). To build our community and prevent our class from fading into the background with everyone else and dying a slow death, it takes constant effort to promote and advertise, which costs money. With your help we can keep this party going.

You can order these at any time, even before starting your duck, and you are welcome to use these on other boats if you want. You are welcome to Paypal me directly at: Shorty@Shortypen.com or email me and let me know if you want to do something else. Thanks.

Projects...

2012 Another Busy Year

Thank you so much for your efforts with the magazine. In 2012 I completed a

10' Northampton Coble (Paul Fisher design) sailboat for my 12-year-old son, a 9' Kidyak (GlenL design) for my 7-year-old nephew and a 13' Koholo standup paddleboard (CLC design) for my wife (age withheld by request). I'm planning to build a 14' Thames River Skiff for myself, it's been a while since I built a boat for myself.

Marc Bourassa, N. Andover, MA

Fun Working with Wood Again

I'm glad to renew my subscription, keep up the good work. Many years ago you published an article I wrote about building a 26' fiberglass bilge keel sailboat. We spent many years living on it during the summers cruising around Cape Cod and the Islands.

Since moving to Florida I built a 17' Penobscot sailboat designed by Arch Davis, great fun working with wood again. The only problem I encountered was the current poor quality of hand tools.

Gary Shores, Palm Bay, FL



Grandchildren Need Model Boats

I continue to enjoy *MAIB*, particularly the adventure stories and boat building projects. I have the desire, but no longer have the solid need nor extended time required for real boat building. However, my grandchildren do seem to "need" more model boats (they already have quite a fleet) and it works out well for grampa to provide wood, glue, paint, a little design help and a few power tool shortcuts. Grandson Sam has proposed a sign for my wood shop, "Sam & Grampa's Boat Building & Repair." I like it. I know I will not have them for long.

Hugh Groth, Richfield, OH

This Magazine...

November a Beauty

The November issue was a beauty, Bob. Any issue with Reinhard is well above average. The beautiful description of the exploration of the Merrimack got it close to the top. *Elf* and the ever interesting Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon" took it home.

Great choices! I'm back.

Bob Hopkins, Tolland, CT

Thanks to Readers for Responses

I have received some information about my query on How to Build 20 Boats (December 2012 issue). One response (marked "Chessy") got away when I accidentally deleted it in emptying the trash. Maybe he may question why he didn't get a reply and will send it again, one can only hope. All those who have sent info of some kind are just great, John from "Stilgoe Signaling" is posting me some prints, What a guy.

Regards from Down Under,

Bruce Fairbairn, vintekhrp@bigpond.com

We'll Continue their Legacy

As always, thanks for such a wonderful magazine, a service to all of us avid readers. I am saddened by the loss of Jim Thayer and Dan Sutherland but we'll continue their legacy.

Dan Robbins, Williamson, NY

Correcting an Omission

Here's a gift subscription order for my dentist who I talk boats with every visit. His office overlooks the harbor and he has aerial photos of the Essex River on his wall. But, alas, he has no boating magazines in his waiting room, so this will take care of that omission.

Spencer Day, Milton, MA

"Are You Moving?"

You ask the question, "Are you moving" when urging readers to send address changes to ensure delivery. Here are a few responses that come to my mind:

"Yes, I'm making a wake!"

"I'm not sure, I'm just trying to sleep but it's raining with winds gusting to 60 knots and my cottage is resting on piles!"

"Yes, my anchor is dragging!"

"I'm trying to but I'm bucking a headwind!"

"No, but my copy of *MAIB* just fell on the cabin floor!"

"Not now but I will be when I cast off!"

"In six weeks? I sure hope so!"

Dick Zahn, Pitman, NJ

That January Cover

I was not disappointed but shocked at your Commentary not addressing the subject of the front cover photo. I was sure, after many years of reading and empathizing with your Commentaries, that the boat was one of your many "waiting to be undertaken" projects but the years just flew by and the tree grew up through the hull.

Despite her fine lines, which I knew you would appreciate and like to restore, I decided she could not be yours as I estimate that tree had been growing some 40 to 50 years, so I'd say it pictured another case of extreme procrastination making yours and mine look good!

Mike Severance, Kennebunkport, ME

The Cruise Has Been Great

I'm sorry to inform you that I will not be renewing my subscription, brought about by being a few months away from my 90th birthday and it is becoming more difficult for me to read the small print. I am no longer building boats as my retirement pleasure and am looking at declining income.

The cruise has been great and your publication is masterful. I hope you can continue to bring pleasure to your boating readers' world for many years to come.

Jerome Enos, Dover, NH

Life Gets in the Way

I've been reading *MAIB* for close to ten years, you are family to me. Life gets in the way of my spending much time on the water but *MAIB* helps to put me there mentally. Thanks for your service to those of us in the small boat world.

Richard Ash, Herndon, VA

Everything is Win-Win

Thanks for the excellent story content in *MAIB*. One suggestion, it would be helpful if each story had marker indicating its ending, we often read on to the next story not aware of this.

Because of your magazine we have visited the Cortez boat gathering, the Mississippi Messabout, the GlenL get togethers and plan to continue to travel to other small boat gatherings. Everything about the travel and the magazine is win-win!

The Stankes, Eagle River, WI



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The ice as I found it upon arrival at Pond Inlet.

There is one of those dicey little questions when it comes to paddling a kayak in the Arctic, “what will the ice do, will it go out, how much will there be and is it annual or glacial ice?”

My first experience with the ice was in Pond Inlet at 72° north on the north end of Baffin Island. Usually the annual ice goes out of Pond Inlet during the last two weeks in July if the ice is going to go out at all. Glacial ice from the immediate area and occasional bergs from Greenland and other glacial sources, just a small percentage of the normal ice, comes and goes on the wind and currents any time.

I had no idea when I left Connecticut in late July if the ice had gone out. As usual when it comes to travel in the North, all is up to chance. The airline tickets and excess baggage tickets are difficult to get and expensive, so both emotionally and financially I had a lot on the line. I flew up to Pond Inlet in what was supposed to be open water season but as I looked out of the airliner window I noticed that the open water looked not at all open. There was ice here, there and what looked like from shore everywhere in Pond Inlet but the ice was expected to be going out any day.

A week later, after all but a small remnant of ice had gone out, I launched my kayak and paddled southwest out of town along the area which was for a number of miles shallow shoreline beaches. Along this coastline I could land anywhere and even walk back to town. After covering some miles I decided to pull in and camp overnight. I choose a spot where there was a cluster of annual ice. I thought nothing of it and I paddled my kayak through the pieces near the beach but that was no problem. The ice was a mix from just inches to a few feet thick.

I had no fear of this ice because I thought that even if the ice chunks pack in at the beach when the tide is in again I can just go in the water wearing my drysuit and push them off. I figured that ice floating in the water cannot weigh much. I never thought that the wind, even the slight wind, was pushing them onto the beach grounding them at high tide while I was asleep in my tent. Well, even if this ice is grounded out, I told myself that I could just wedge them up to refloat and push them off. They would not be any obstruction to my kayak.

Next morning there they were, all of them and more, lots of ice. Not to worry just push them out and I will be on my way in my kayak. Right! So there I was in my drysuit wading in the water. I tried moving one, nothing much happened. Oh well, just try another, right, sure, no problem, just push. Oh, maybe

Arctic Ice Viewed From the Cockpit Some Paddling Experiences

By Gail Ferris
gaileferris@hotmail.com

it is too big, let me try another. Huh! Nothing is happening, even when I rock them they just stay there, they are firmly grounded.

My, aren't they heavy, you would think all you have to do is just push on them a little bit, rock them, tilt them and they will just float off into deeper water, out of my way. Well let me try this little one, it is about the size of a 5gal bucket. It ought to move off without too much pushing on my part. Oh this is not good, even this small one is not going anywhere and if it is it is just going farther inshore. The current is carrying it in along with all those others, the bigger ones, that are out there.

So I had just learned that it was not possible to just shove icebergs off the coastline, it was impossible to do, the only thing to do was just wait for the tide and current to carry them away. Good thing it was possible to walk from here back to town should all else fail. A day or so later all the ice went away but I had learned to let the ice move on its own. I learned at Pond Inlet a respect for the immense weight this type of ice has.



I gained a lot of respect for the immense weight of this type of ice.

In 1992 I went to Upernavik, Greenland, to paddle where there are icebergs. Icebergs are different because they are large and tall. They can roll over, break up suddenly or drop huge chunks into the water setting up steep waves requiring surfing technique skills. Before I went I learned how to surf and took lessons in whitewater slalom paddling.

I learned how to handle breaking waves and how to control my kayak while surfing using a solid low brace. In whitewater paddling I learned how to do eddy turns and how to take advantage of eddies. I learned from Bart Hawthaway and in slalom racing to trust my brace, in other words to not be afraid to lean out on the paddle.

In Upernavik, just as I was amidst crossing to Torssut, a huge iceberg dropped a chunk of ice into the water generating a 3' high wave. I was glad I knew how to surf. This was one of those moments when I got to apply my learning directly. The large steep wave moved swiftly upon me and there was no sanctuary.



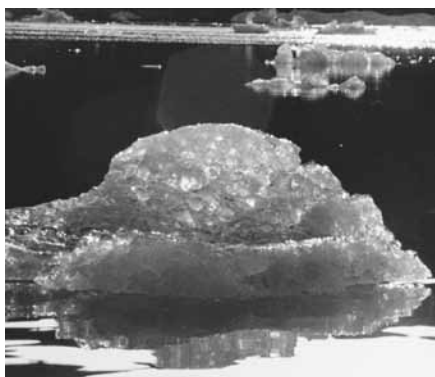
A chunk of ice dropped off this huge berg generating a 3' wave.

In 1992 the ash from the Mount Pinatubo eruption had a cooling effect of the weather. Greenland's ice was much slower going out. With so much ice everywhere I was limited as to where I could paddle. I did not want to believe the reports about iced-in areas so I attempted to circum-paddle around Aappilattoq Island. I set off from the south end and even though I could see ice to the north I kept going. I had set out to see the old town and what it looked like in general. As I paddled north at first all seemed well. Yes, there were icebergs but they were spaced well apart. I had the wonderful experience of watching fulmars feeding on the biota associated with freshwater ice. Some of them are snails called sea butterflies, which have no shells. They are black and swim with wing shaped appendages.

Then I began to notice that there were more and more icebergs. They were not all that large and there was space wide enough for me to pass between without risk. The risk for me was, suppose a berg rolls over, since the foot is seven-eighths submerged there is a lot more under the water. As I paddled among these icebergs I estimated what would be a

safe distance to maintain from them should any break apart or roll over. Oh well! My luck ran out. I found myself facing too many icebergs with no alternatives. They were just packed together much too closely for me to squeeze by and there were no options. So all I could do was to turn around.

On my way back away from this ice barrier I headed to the ice free end of the island. Even though I was disappointed, 11 years later in 2003 I did have the opportunity to paddle along the north side of Aappilattoq and I can tell you it was a cold ordeal with some scary tricky moments. I had a chunk of ice bob to the surface right next to my bow that had released from the foot of a small berg. On the surface the berg was only 2'x3'. The chunk was sharp edged as old clear ice is. The thrust from the jagged ice could have destabilized or punctured my kayak



I had the opportunity to take this wonderful picture of an old chunk of clear ice with the sun shining through it at 11pm. Had I not turned around I would have never noticed this beautiful image.

After surviving that encounter behind Aappilattoq Island it was time that I return to Upernavik. My initial anxiety was that from where I was camping on the east side of Atilgssuaq I could see fog over the ice fjord east, some miles away. I was afraid that the fog would come and envelop my campsite and my route back to Upernavik. I decided to leave and head back west around along the north side.

Suddenly I realized that I had to cope with crossing in front of a huge tabular iceberg. The iceberg was so gigantic that it was shrouded in fog as you can see in the picture. All I knew was that this berg was floating back and forth in a crossing I had to make on my way back to Upernavik and that there was fog a few miles away that might also come into this area. I was really frightened of this berg because I knew that bergs such as this that are moved along by the currents can move at seven knots, which is twice as fast as I can paddle.

Later I saw two small bergs cross each other in front of my bow. They were moving much faster than I had estimated. I was shocked! I was afraid that I could not get out of the way of this iceberg should I just happen to be crossing exactly where it was coming. I was lucky, however, and the berg stayed where it was while I nervously paddled the few miles to Upernavik. All the while as I was paddling within range I made sure that I kept track of what that iceberg was doing. Whew that was scary!

In Arctic Bay I succeeded in getting my kayak stuck in the ice for a few hours before



Bergs packed too closely for me to squeeze amongst them left me no option but to turn back.



The view when I arrived at the western tip of Atilgssuaq on a warm summer afternoon.



The ice margin and the dimensions of the ice close up. The surface of this ice is granular and slippery but it is possible to stand on some of it but I think much too risky.

the tide changed, luckily in my favor. I had played a game of thinking that the ice being brought in would be thinner along the edge of the rock shoreline because of the reverse eddies that naturally occur along shorelines that have currents running down them. I saw this raft of ice coming in but thought I could buck my way along the last section of the enclosing shoreline and turn the corner heading into clear water. Wind was behind me but not a factor. I wound up trapped for a few hours and decided that shore eddies have no effect of circulation and distribution of annual ice moving on the tide or wind.

When I launched I had to take my time getting around Holy Cross Point waiting for

The ice that my kayak was entrapped in just before it went out. I was very lucky that the ice was not sharp as it appears to be in the picture.



the ice to move on the tide ahead of me. I attempted to cross through some of the ice but I realized that I was playing a losing battle and would have probably been stuck in the middle of the ice pack for who knows how long. I reversed course and paddled around the point heading for the open shoreline where I was able to find a safe campsite. I learned from this experience, do not play beat the berg with a pack of ice in a kayak, it is not worth it!

Several years later in 1995, when I was out for an afternoon paddle near Lang Island behind Upernavik I had crossed over to Atligssuaq Island and was returning. On my way back to Lange/Akia Island I thought I might stop at the shallow beach and take a break. I was just passing what looked like two medium sized icebergs and I was thinking to myself about how in many areas the depth of the water can range from shallow to extremely deep because of the geologic structure of this area.

So I was just passing blithely by in my kayak when suddenly the nearest iceberg rose up in the air to three times its previous height. This berg was part of a larger iceberg, a bridge between the two visible sections of ice berg had been submerged. I never noticed that there was any bridge nor did I imagine such a structure might exist. Was I ever shocked. Never would I have imagined that what looked like two medium icebergs was actually one huge iceberg submerged in the middle.

I felt very lucky that I had not pulled into the shallow shoreline moments before, I would have been either swamped by the waves coming off this iceberg or my kayak could have been washed off the beach. Being stuck on an island by having lost a kayak to some rogue waves is not a good idea.



An iceberg rolling over at Kullorsuaq that just happened spontaneously, there was in this instance no sound, nothing as an indicator that the berg was about to begin rolling over.

On a trip around the island I saw an arch in a berg, just a small one but large



Ice driven into the coastline by strong wind.

enough for me to paddle through. But in just a moment in absolute silence that arch was gone. I was glad I did not try paddling through, it would have been over in an instant and nobody would have known. I would have just disappeared. For practice I did experiment with paddling around rocks executing various maneuvers pretending that they were "English Gates" but I left the ice alone.

I did take a chance of paddling through small chunks of ice into town once but I still remember the glaring look of Edvard Nielsen when I got to shore. I could tell that he thought I was being a fool because I could have punctured my hull. I was just lucky that time.

Where I lived in Kullorsuaq overlooked the bay. I saw what wind does to chunks of ice in a storm situation. One day there would be no icebergs and the next day the place would be solid with them, all because the wind had driven them in.

In Arctic Bay I had several experiences being entrapped by the tidal travels of annual ice. My first moment came when I paddled out to the point next to Society Cliffs. There I got to watch the ice come in on the tide down Adams Sound from Admiralty Inlet after I had landed my kayak and set up camp. I watched the ice swirl around in the whirlpool off Holy Cross Point. Had it not been for the ice I would have not noticed the gyre. If I had kept paddling I could have made it down inside Adams Sound but I decided to stop near the entrance and camp.

Next day I saw that ice had gone east forming a clog down inside Adams Sound so all I could do was just sit again on the point west of the ice clog and wait for it to come back out past me. The ice reversed direction, went west of me out on the tide

and I headed down Adams Sound assuming that there could not be any ice coming down there following me.

Then as I got to a nice place to camp I found that while I was busy paying attention to what was in front of me, the silent annual ice had been subtly following me all the way down. No sooner had I stepped out of my kayak at a convenient place to camp than I discovered that I was getting to dry out once again. I was surrounded by that certain, very quiet, crowd of annual ice. In a very short time there was no escaping back out to the west, because the ice just packed in a matter of moments. I could not leave even if I wanted to.

In 2003, as I was paddling along Upernavik Icefjord on my way west, to my right were routine sized bergs like chunks of land, most of them in mid fjord were city block sized ones, stay over there thank you! Amongst some islands motorboats were passing a few miles, out maybe five miles away so I knew the density of the ice was less over there. I did not worry about that ice density because the ice was not that tall or wide nor packed together.

But then, at a second large peninsula, the ice density looked much more challenging. Oh boy! I could get away with passing between the chunks of ice but I had to be careful not to brush hard against their sharp projecting knifelike edges. They are mostly erratic shaped chunks broken off from bergs not annual flat ice chunks. They can be any shape and they are also moving slightly.

I dropped my rudder more and started thinking seriously that I really do not want to crash or graze against these chunks of ice. I was expecting my boat to turn like a whitewater boat, forgetting that this was my

This ice pack moved in in just a matter of moments, leaving me no way to escape.



first time in a tight turning situation. I sort of bucked up and gave myself more maneuvering room trying not to become confused as to which side I would pass by a chunk. My confusion was the worst issue, I had to consciously discipline myself. Also, I found it very confusing to break my paddling rhythm, but adaptation was necessary to avoid crashing or brushing against ice bits 2' and bigger. Ice weighs a lot more than it appears to.

Then another issue came into the picture, frozen rafts of 1' chunks of ice here and there. Not good! If I became entrapped between some of these I could see that the only way out would be between the rafts. Those scared me because they were large and I figured they were more mobile because of their larger horizontal surface area. With trepidation, I decided to not look so far ahead but to rather just paddle through the immediate adjacent ice. I was not seeing many more of those rafts of bits and to my right it was more open. I passed by a large berg to my right not registering on my passage, so I realized that I was functioning in tunnel vision, the vision fear uses.

Suddenly in just an instant, just off my port bow, up to the surface popped an irregular shaped 2'x3' chunk of clear jagged ice. No way could I have avoided it had I been closer to the berg measuring 2' x 6' long x 3' wide on the top but 12' deep. This was one of those classic examples of how much ice is on the top and how much is below and that the shape of a berg is constantly changing as the currents erode the ice. The initial shape of a berg varies as the density and way it was formed in the glacier. So there is no way to predict. If I had been any closer that chunk of ice would have slammed up under my kayak. Wow, was I lucky, this warned me not to make assumptions because, if I slip into this water nobody will ever know, I will just disappear.



This chunk of ice could have slammed up beneath my kayak!

As the sun was sinking I came across only a small area of developing frazzle ice. This was a small area where fresh water was floating on the denser salt water. It had probably been a quiet sunny day that caused the meltwater from the icebergs to accumulate rather than intermix with the saltwater. Now that the sun was so low on the horizon it no longer provided radiant heat sufficient to keep the freshwater from freezing into frazzle ice sheets. For me in my kayak, frazzle ice is like a sheet of razor blades and it can cut through a kayak hull.

In 2005, one tactic I used with icebergs in Upernavik Icefjord on a foggy day was to take advantage of their spacing and stability while making a four mile crossing. What I did was to choose a berg that was lined up



The low light at about midnight.

with my invisible geographic position on Aappilattoq Island, take a bearing with my GPS on that berg and sight in another berg at that same bearing which happened in this case to be 180°.



A stunning view of a berg with the sun shining through it.

After clawing my way from berg to berg I was not too sure of what I was doing, it became foggy when I came upon the weird-

est vision I could ever imagine. I wish I had taken a picture of it but I was so anxious I forgot. It looked like some squiggly telephone poles hanging in the sky. All had been well until then. What was going on was I would sight in a berg at 180°, paddle to it take another sighting on a berg farther away at 180° and paddle to that one. I was hopping across the fjord from berg to berg. I was afraid to leave my GPS on because the batteries might run out and there I would be out there in the fog so what I was doing was turning on the GPS to get a bearing on a target, then turning it off and on again once I had made the target and needed another target. In the fog nothing makes sense.

So encountering three or four black squiggly lines that looked like very distorted telephone poles was a little disconcerting to say the least. My next target happened to be right in the proximity of this apparition so I knew I had to stick to my route anyway and I would get to see this weird thing close up.



Bands of dirt compressed into old glacial ice as strata and upended formed the mysterious line of poles in the fig. The colors of the berg were pale turquoise blue with gray black stripes.

This berg with jagged tops is given a particularly wide berth.



Nothing happened to this berg while I was near it but this is one of those examples of an unstable berg because it has layers of dirt strata included. It is called a dirty berg. I have seen more markedly unstable dirty bergs, which had very jagged tops. These can break up in just moments and they sound like a thunderstorm rumbling away.

I camped within hearing distance of this berg and thought there were thundershowers coming all night. I kept waking up and having to tell myself "there are no thundershowers starting up, it is that iceberg over there breaking up." Very amusing all that noise during that particular night and I was glad to get away from the icefjord the next day so that I could sleep in a quieter area. The rest of my trip was much quieter than my first night out camping on the edge of the Upernavik Icefjord in 2005.

Everyone in the area gave wide berth to it, though the Greenlanders were passing by in fast motorboats. I was told to stay away from it and any iceberg that looked like that with the saw toothed top.

In 2008 I misjudged the extent of ice in Upernavik Icefjord and I can tell you I never saw so much ice in my life. Martin Hjort told me that he spent one hour motor boating into the ice and it took him four hours to get back out. We both agreed stay out of the icepack.

I have seen some interesting bergs but I can say as a kayak paddler it is much colder paddling among glacial ice chunks. Even getting through them might be possible but I realized in all practicality as a paddler that I was not dressed to tolerate the intensity of cold of glacial ice. I did not risk paddling among ice where distances were just a few feet between chunks because even if

I could have made it through I knew the cold would create hypothermia for me.



An interesting berg within it a rhombohedron shaped transparent window. This was taken in 2008 near Innarsuit Island.

I hope my writing about views from the cockpit of arctic ice in various places and situations has been of some interest.

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Those of us who are lucky enough to have sailboats on Chesapeake Bay know how wonderful the weather can be on the water in the fall. So when Captain Rick Carrion told us he would be bringing *Elf* over from St Michaels for the National Sailing Hall of Fame 3rd Annual Classic Wooden Boat Rendezvous and Race scheduled on September 22, we decided to also sail our boat to Annapolis that same day from our home port in Rock Hall to join up with Captain Rick.

Upon arriving in Annapolis on Friday we noticed something that I considered to be very bizarre, all of the slips on the City Dock were occupied by 2pm on a Friday at the end of September. We then decided to pick up a mooring about 50 yards outside of the National Sailing Hall of Fame dock, which was where *Elf* would be docking. We were a little cautious about picking up a mooring because we had planned to stay for three nights and had never spent three consecutive nights on a mooring or anchored with our boat, but we were willing to try it. The weather promised to be perfect with low 70's during the day and low 50's at night with low humidity, with just a slight chance of a shower on Saturday evening.

At around 5pm *Elf* arrived and docked at the National Sailing Hall of Fame and we went over to chat with Captain Rick. Following dinner at Maria's we returned to *Elf* where we were greeted by the very nice people on *LeCerta*, who had tied up immediately next to *Elf* with *Witchcraft* just across the dock. A very nice evening was had by all sharing a few laughs and some "Dark and Stormy's."

On Saturday there were many visitors on *Elf* as this wonderful boat seems to attract a crowd no matter where she is, and rightfully so, as she is just a stunning boat and she looked especially grand thanks to some new varnish that Captain Rick had just applied. Captain Rick had joined up with his videographer to discuss shooting video of the upcoming race on Sunday from the chase

Sailing on *Elf* In the National Sailing Hall of Fame 3rd Annual Classic Wooden Boat Rendezvous and Race

Report and Photos by Rich Savini
Reprinted from *The Helm*
Newsletter of the
Classic Yacht Restoration Guild



boat and had also been interviewed by an Annapolis reporter. Saturday evening there was the captains' meeting where the starting times and the race course were discussed and snacks and beverages were served. Thanks to the National Sailing Hall of Fame for a very pleasant event and evening.

Sunday was race day and what a glorious day it was, absolutely beautiful with lots of sun and low temperatures and low humidity. The crew reported, sail covers were removed, sheets and halyards attached, life-jackets donned and *Elf* left the dock at around 10am. There seemed to be an ample amount of wind to move *Elf* along, and once *Elf* was out in the harbor the crew began raising sails, get-

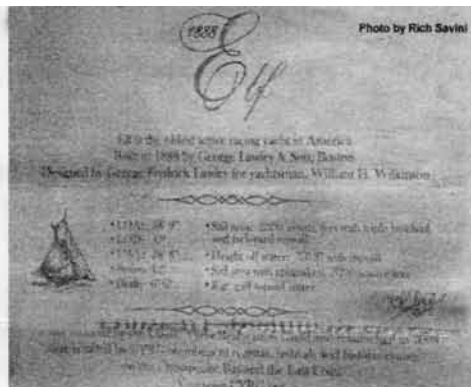
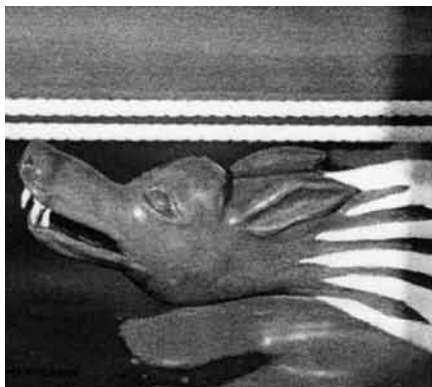
ting responsibilities assigned for the race, preparing for the 11:56am starting time. The crew went through some practice tacks with both Captain Rick and Captain Bill at the helm.

At the beginning of the race *Elf* had an almost picture perfect start on the three laps around the race course in Annapolis Harbor. *Elf* headed for the first mark with ease, rounded it and proceeded toward the next mark. Unfortunately the wind did not fully cooperate for this leg of the race and forward progress slowed, so the crew took this opportunity to have a little break with a favorite beverage or two, as having fun while racing on *Elf* is a stated requirement of the Captain.

As we were rounding Green #13 for the final time, the current from the Severn River pushed us very close to the buoy, but due to some very expert crew work, *Elf* never touched the mark. After one more additional tack *Elf* proceeded across the start/finish line for the last time to end the race. What an amazing time we had this day on *Elf*. I truly consider it a privilege to be a part of all of this. Between the boat itself, the event and the weather it was one of the finest days that I have personally ever spent on *Elf*.

We finished fourth in the "Cruising Fleet" division, but in retrospect where we finished did not matter at all as this was just a beautiful day and an incredible experience on a spectacular boat. It was also a remarkable sight to see all of these classic wooden sailboats racing against each other in Annapolis Harbor on that perfect day.

(If you would like to become a part of these truly amazing experiences, please consider going to the Classic Yacht Restoration Guild website, www.cyrig.org, for information about becoming a Guild member and supporting this beautiful boat and enjoying all of the benefits of being a Guild member. Guild membership does include sailing privileges on this magnificent vessel and on a day with enough wind, this is an experience like no other sailing experience that you will ever have).



Remember the C&L-16 sailboat? Time to deliver on the promised observations and impressions. I wish I could include a better illustration of the boat. For reasons I cannot fathom, the C&L Boatworks website doesn't have any great photos of it. Maybe their sales are so good they don't have to 'work' to promote it.

Alas, I am such a Luddite that I don't even own a cell phone, let alone a proper digital camera. Wikipedia has one illustration, and there are others out there on the internet, but none that really show how pretty the boat is. And, damn and blast, I didn't copy or bookmark the best photo I ever saw on the net, thinking I'd be able to find it whenever I wanted. Well, booga-booga! Never been able to find it again.

Being a devout wooden boat enthusiast, my dream boat is still a 20' pinked stern sharpie schooner that I got Phillip Bolger to lay out the basic lines for several years ago, I never thought I'd find myself calling a fiberglass boat "pretty." But I find the C&L pretty. She's multi chined and those long, sweeping lines distract my eye from the modern, somewhat flattish, sheer. There's enough wood 'furniture' to offset the "Clorox bottle" visual effect of so many small fiberglass boats... and some big ones, too. But we didn't really buy her for her looks.

One reason we bought her was because we'd made the last house payment three weeks earlier. That freed up income that could now be called "disposable" (as if we hadn't 'disposed' of enough of it at Scotia-Bank.) As well, we bought her because we wanted something that would get us out on the water much sooner than building the aforementioned schooner would.

We thought we had that in our Boreal tandem kayak. However, living on a rocky coast, with a shoreline that wanders back and forth as much as 200' horizontally (those Fundy Tides don't just go up and down), and does it twice a day, there can be a lot of carrying involved in getting that boat launched. That, or our time on the water is constantly held hostage to the tides.

At 65 and 69 years of age, Kathy and I were finding that hauling the kayak across a field of wet, slippery boulders was taking a lot of the pleasure out of getting on the water. In fact, it had become prohibitive. That was another reason we bought the C&L, it came with a trailer and a winch. I quickly discovered that I could rig, launch and retrieve that boat by myself. We were still hostage to the tides, of course, for the rest of the year. For the upcoming 2013 season, we will wet berth her at the marina in Meteghan, and we'll use the tide tables as fire starter. So, odd as it seems, the 400lb sailboat is, in a way, more "portable" than the 100lb tandem kayak. Who would have thought?

I first saw the C&L on the front lawn of a house I pass every day, going to and from work. My first impression was, "For a fiberglass boat, with an aluminum mast, that thing is kinda pretty." That evening, I stopped for a closer look. My second impression was, "He's asking way too much for a 16' fiberglass day-sailer." When I got home, I mentioned to Kathy that I had seen this cute little sailboat for sale. Never having expressed a great deal of enthusiasm for sailing, and still much disappointed by the kayak experience, I assumed she'd say, "That's nice. How was work today?"

To my surprise, she said, "Is it a good boat?"

St Mary's Bay Chronicles No 3 Best Money We've Ever Spent

By Ernie Cassidy
upcloseconcerts@eastlink.ca



I said, "It's a pretty thing, and seems to be in good shape, but he's asking way too much for it."

Kathy, "How much?"

Me, "Uhhh... \$4,800."

Kathy, "That's not so much, is it? Why don't we go look at it on the weekend. Maybe that's just an asking price... a figure to bargain from." At this point, I was waiting for the dreadful sound of the alarm clock that would wake me up from this lovely dream. But no... I seemed to be wide awake and this discussion was really taking place.

That Sunday morning we went to see the boat and meet the seller. We were there for an hour and a half, the seller, Bernie, turning out to be an interesting character in his own right, quite apart from having a boat for sale. As we were leaving, Bernie said, "You know, I just put \$4,800 on the sign because I had to put something. That might be a bit high." He also said that if we wanted to try her out, he'd be happy to bring her out to his camp and let us have a go. I called him next day and said we'd like to do that, but couldn't do it for another week. I was prepared to give him a non-refundable deposit of \$200 if he would hold the boat for us until then, and asked if he'd take \$4,000 to get a quick sale.

It being mid October, we both agreed that most buyers might be less excited about purchasing a boat that would almost immediately have to be laid up for the winter, than if it were mid April, when the fever to get on the water would be running a lot higher.

As it turned out, Kathy was not coming for the 'test drive,' but was prepared to rely on my judgment regarding the decision to purchase. Although we were out for nearly three hours, I knew, and Bernie knew I knew, I would buy the boat after half an hour. To put

it succinctly, she sailed like God's own boat. After a 12-year hiatus, it felt so good to feel a tiller tugging at my arm, hear the chuckle of water along those chines and feel once again the childlike pleasure and amazement at the ability of the wind to drive a boat back at itself. Sailing to windward had always felt like a conjurer's trick, never mind how much I knew about the physics involved... curved planes, lift, action and reaction, thrust vectors, etc... It felt, and still feels, like magic.

In the end, I almost felt guilty about beating Bernie's price down so much, he was so good about everything. He loaned me a trailer hitch until I could get my own. He gave me the lightweight rain cover that came with the boat (which was only fair), and also gave me a super heavy duty winter cover that he'd had made up special (which he didn't have to do at all).

When I mentioned that I'd probably have a deep reef put into the mainsail, for safety's sake out in the Bay, he gave me a smaller mainsail, that he said he "... happened to have lying around." And, finally, he got the trailer re-inspected and re-registered to insure that I would have no problems with the DMV bureaucrats.

That first weekend the boat was in the backyard we decided to take her out to a nearby lake. We'd thought about the Bay but it was a cool, overcast, hazy, almost foggy day... not the best weather to be out there, especially in a new boat. It took 20 minutes to get from the trailer to underway (I'll quickly have that down to ten minutes). As soon as the sail filled, just the main, no jib, the boat accelerated away and a big grin appeared on Kathy's face, a sight that I'll cherish as long as I'm alive.

Kathy has a job, working with physically and mentally challenged adults, that she is fiercely committed to, but that comes with a lot of stress and worry, the kind that often wakes her up the middle of the night and nags at her on the weekend. I've spent several years looking for an activity that would distract her and give her some respite from that.

The tandem kayak was one attempt. It was purchased when we were living at the other end of the province, where the ocean doesn't pull quite so dramatic a disappearing act. Before we ever got it in the water there, we had the opportunity to move here. The three times we actually went out in it were quite nice, but you already know how that all worked out.

Ah, but the C&L... that's another story. Kathy sprawled out in the bottom of the boat and that grin never left her face for two hours. Right then, I knew we'd made a good decision. In fact, it's the best money we've ever spent, except for the house itself.

The following week, the weather and the tides lined up just so and we did take her out in the Bay. Cool, but sunny afternoon, light wind, 10-12" waves. Again, we were under mainsail alone, but the C&L is so well hung that the jib is completely optional. I kind of think of it as the first reef. We headed off to windward, from Belliveau Cove (Remember Belliveau Cove? You can home right in, these days, with Google Earth, if you're really curious), cleared Major's Point and we were right out in the 'real' Bay paralleling the shore. Kathy's 500-watt smile was back.

It was replaced, for a few moments, by a look of anxious surprise when I put her hand on the tiller and said, "Keep her sailing towards the windmill on the other shore," then crawled out on the foredeck to "...watch the boat go," as Roger Taylor used to say. The smile was back, bigger than ever, when she

realized, "Hey, I can do this! I'm sailing the boat." She has more to learn, of course, not least what it feels like when the wind is less benign than it was that day, but, yeah, she can do this. What's more, she really likes doing it. For the first time in my life, I have a spouse who shares this delight with me. Did I mention that this was the best money we've ever spent?

Now, the best part. When we decided to head back to the wharf, the wind had fallen off some and it looked as if it would continue

to do that. As we were now running with it, and crawling up the backside of the waves, instead of punching into them, the illusion of speed disappeared and it got very quiet. We were sailing about 12' off what I knew was a cobble beach sloped at 45 degrees. So close, it seemed as if we could reach out and grab an especially pretty stone right off the beach. There was a sound that I hadn't quite fit into this context. And then I did. We could hear the surf washing up the beach, and then the

rattle of the small stones being pulled down the slope by the backwash. I'd never heard that sound before... while sitting in a boat.

Of course, in a big boat, that would have been the sound of impending doom. But in our little 16-footer, it was pure magic. It's another of those wonderful moments that I'll remember, and cherish, as long as I live... that, and the fact that I got to experience it with my lovely Kathy. Did I mention that this was the best money we've ever spent?

One Foggy Night

John Smith

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

My parents took my brother and me on a cruise up Long Island Sound from the Raritan Yacht Club in Perth Amboy, New Jersey. On the occasion of this noteworthy event we were homeward bound and had just come out of the East River and were in New York Harbor, aimed to go where the Verrazano Bridge would soon be built. Along the Staten Island shore several tankers were anchored. Dead ahead was a gray wall. Dad recognized it as a fog rolling in and determined the best course of action would be to aim for Staten Island, get past the anchored tankers and drop our own anchor.

Realizing that we'd be losing visibility sooner rather than later, he aimed at a spot and took a compass reading. We were encased in one of the thickest fogs I've ever experienced before we reached the tankers. Dad kept going by compass as slowly as practical. My brother and I sat on the foredeck to yell if we saw something. We saw something alright. We saw a large anchor chain coming out of the water and disappearing into the fog. We yelled, Dad shoved the tiller over, and assessed the situation. Soon we set a path parallel to the anchor chain and away from the ship we knew it was connected to.

Dad allowed for a few moments to go by so he was sure we were clear of the anchor chain and turned 90° heading, again, for Staten Island. We kept this course until he was sure we were well past the ships and we then dropped our hook and we were "parked" until the fog lifted. Once we put up a riding light, we felt we were safe.

Fog is possibly the worst of all hazards. If you have a problem and manage to get a signal for help out, the rescue people have no way of seeing through it to find you. Soon a small motorboat came up to us and asked for directions to someplace I can't remember. Mom and Dad pleaded with him to simply anchor until the fog lifted. He didn't listen. I can only hope he met with no harm.

About Our Delaware River Chapter TSCA

John Smith is a member of the Delaware River Chapter of the TSCA. The Chapter meets the first Tuesday of each month at the Red Dragon Canoe Club, Edgewater Park, NJ. The meetings are open to all. Anyone wanting information should contact Frank Stauss at fstauss@verizon.net.



Going Machine

By John Smith

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet* Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

There are two boats of interest in this photo. My Dad is sitting in a now aging *Dud* next to the family's 32' sloop that had replaced the *Electron*. The sloop had a 6' fin keel and sailed very well. My parents bought it with just a cuddy cabin and they built the cabin seen in the photo in our living room, based on dimensions of the boat and the doors through which it would have to exit the house. Everything fit perfectly.

Rather than just enjoying the boat, Dad had to win the battle of the barnacle. With great effort they copper sheathed the boat and thought that was the end of the barnacles. And it was for a short while. It seemed like the pol-

lution in Raritan Bay formed a film on the copper, and the barnacles stuck to the film.

At that point in their boating career, my parents moored the boat off Staten Island and launched a 12' aluminum boat at a ramp in Perth Amboy which they motored across to the sloop, named *Going Machine*. Worried about theft, Mom painted a red stripe, like a barber pole, around the white mast. This turned out well as the boat was stolen twice and the red stripe is the reason they got it back both times.

To no avail, I tried diligently to convince them to get something they could sail right off the trailer and eliminate much of the work.

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Inward Bound

In the Spring of 1986 there was an article in *BOATS* describing the Wampanoag Commemorative Canoe Passage, an inland route from Scituate on the shore of Massachusetts Bay to Fall River at the mouth of the Taunton River. One could keep on going from there down through Mt. Hope Bay into Narragansett Bay or the Sakonnet River to Rhode Island's south coast and Long Island Sound.

This route, over seventy miles of rivers, brooks, ponds and marsh, including about twenty portages, was used by the Wampanoag Indians who inhabited southeastern Massachusetts for 10,000 years.

The article said that canoeists could obtain a free guide to the route from the Plymouth County Development Council, but shortly afterwards I learned it was no longer available. Nevertheless, I was still interested. Maybe it would be more challenging without explicit directions. I like trips in which there's some uncertainty, something problematical. My friend Roy Gilmore would lend me his topographic maps covering a large part of the route, and I also talked about the trip with Bart Hawthaway. He had undertaken to do the route from the Scituate end, and he gave me the sequence of rivers and ponds he had used (Bart lost the trail in an alder swamp partway through). A final source of information was my Appalachian Mountain Club Canoe Guidebook that describes the waterways of New England. What did I say about uncertainty?

I would be starting from the Fall River end, as I live in Newport, RI. I could leave right from

home, paddle up Narragansett Bay, across Mt. Hope Bay and into the Taunton River. Or I could start from nearby Middletown at the mouth of the Sakonnet River. The idea of leaving home in my little canoe and ending up far into the interior of southeastern Massachusetts was appealing.

I could plan my departure so that tide and wind (prevailing SW here) would be in my favor and use my little spritsail for twenty-five miles or so. After that, the river would be too narrow and twisting to sail. The Sakonnet River approach would be best I thought, because with a SW wind I could hug the west side of the river, if need be, for protection from too much wind. I wouldn't have any firm objective; I'd just go until I felt like coming home. My daughter Bernadette offered to pick me up when I was ready to come home.

But, as it turned out, I didn't do it that way. Nor did I go up Narragansett Bay. It was late October when I decided to go, and at that season open water is not so inviting for a small canoe, or safe. Better to depart from Portsmouth, I thought, near where the Sakonnet Bridge that carries Rt. 24 crosses over to Tiverton, RI. Still fairly open water for the first five miles or so, but bypassing the eleven miles of the Sakonnet River, which averages well over a mile in width.

My Wee Lassie is a lengthened one, 12'7"x27", 36 lbs., built WEST SYSTEM (tm) (two layers of 1/8" cedar) by my son Philip and I a few years ago. The coated ripstop nylon removeable decks fore and aft and the cockpit cover incorporating

a kayak spray skirt help to keep gear and paddler dry. I use a double paddle and she goes along very well indeed. So light, convenient and fast.

On a clear, beautiful Monday morning, my son-in-law John Griffin and I drove to Portsmouth, launched the canoe just north of the Sakonnet Bridge, and bade each other goodbye. He drove my car home and I pointed the canoe north up Mt. Hope Bay. The first five miles were tough going, the tide was falling and there was a stiff north wind, entirely opposite from my original thinking on an ideal departure. No protection from it whatever until I reached the Braga Bridge where Rt. 195 crosses the mouth of the Taunton River in Fall River. The battleship MASSACHUSETTS is there on the Fall River shore, open to the public. I slowed as I paddled past so as not to disturb her at her berth.

I stopped ashore near the bridge, rested awhile, and continued on up river. There was nothing particularly interesting or beautiful on this section of the Taunton; the city of Fall River on the right, Somerset and a couple of electric generating plants on the left. The weather continued sunny, warm and clear. I stopped again at Slade's Ferry (Rt. 6 I think) on the left and ordered a meatball sandwich from a nearby Pizza Hut, and had a beer while waiting for it. Eating the sandwich back at the canoe, I was surprised by the Goodyear Blimp cruising by upriver quite low. I certainly hadn't anticipated their interest in my adventure!

Launch at Tiverton, RI.

Report & Photos from Jim Casey

I wanted to make it as far as the Assonet River to stop for my first overnight because it had always looked so inviting when passing by on Rt. 24, but when I reached it, dusk was falling. No time, nor energy either, to go the mile or two up the Assonet to the place I had in mind. I took what came to hand, a tiny island at the very point of the Assonet mouth, barely separated from the shore, with a few bushes, a lot of litter and a central grassy pocket big enough for tent and canoe. I had come about eleven miles. I made camp, had supper, read a little, zonked out at 9 p.m. and didn't arise until nearly twelve hours later! It had indeed been a tough day's paddling for me.

Tuesday morning was glorious. Warm. No wind. Clear sky. The river was like glass. It's about a half-mile wide at this point with a mixture of homes and woodlands on its shores and just a few boats on moorings. A boy stopped by in his skiff, outward bound for some fishing. We stood there looking downriver, chatting, and absorbing the warmth and tranquility of the morning.

Far to the south the river's surface was very dark, the near edge of the dark area being crisply defined. It was enlarging in our direction. Wind. It reached us quickly and broke the spell.

Preparing to leave after breakfast, I put the canoe in a little depressed path through the grass, now flooded with the high tide, making an exquisitely convenient and perfectly scaled canal in which to load the canoe and leave from. It was nice being pushed along by that strong wind for the next few miles. I hadn't brought the sprit sail with me, but didn't need it here. It would have been too much.

After passing by the Dighton Rock State Park, the river, bordered by bullrushes in some places, narrows and becomes mostly wooded on both shores. The wind, considerably lighter in this narrower section, funnelled by the banks, followed the bends in the river so that it was usually always at my back. When I passed under the Dighton-Berkley Bridge it was gradually screened out more and more and soon I was gliding along on a glassy ribbon.

And so it continued for miles and miles. The river was clean and pleasant, the foliage beautiful, the current negligible. It was wooded along both shores and averaged about seventy feet wide. Even when I arrived in the environs of the city of Taunton, it wasn't too bad. I tied up near the Weir St. Bridge, climbed the bank, and bought a snack at Milky's Convenience Store. Later at Arlington St., after calling home from a building materials company office, through the kind-

ness of manager Jim Morin, I made camp in complete rustic privacy at a nice spot on the opposite bank, only bothered a little by the noise of traffic on Rt. 44 across the river.

I especially like evenings in the tent when cruising. I can look at maps more thoroughly than I'm inclined to when underway in the daytime. Also I always bring along a book. This trip it was "Small Boat Through Sweden" by an Englishman named Roger Pilkington, an account of the author's trip with his family through the canals, rivers and lakes in his beloved cabin cruiser. A wealth of how-to knowledge as well as a travel account. He's written quite a few other such books, accounts of their cruises in other parts of Europe, all beginning with "Small Boat Through...". There's also one on the specifics of canal and river cruising. From his writing, I think of him as a fine person.

Wednesday was another sunny day and I paddled shirtless. I saw a squirrel swim across the river at one point. There were no other boats on the river, the last I'd seen had been a runabout back near the Dighton-Berkley Bridge. Maybe that had something to do with the way I felt on Tuesday and Wednesday. I don't know why, but the way I felt as awful; a sort of emotional or spiritual malaise that I couldn't account for. Perhaps it was loneliness, though I'd not had this problem on similar trips I had made. The river continued much the same; clean, glassy, the woods on both banks clothed in autumn's glorious foliage.

That evening I had a tough time. After I'd made camp, a herd of cows showed up, coming from the woods far to the rear of the pasture I was in. Yes, I had noticed some signs but discounted them as not being recent, and there wasn't one animal in sight when I made camp. Probably a farm in back of those woods back there. Now they headed directly for my campsite as if to say, "Well, what's going on here? This is something new!" There were over twenty of them. But, they weren't milk cows, they were beef cattle, male and female, and that's what scared me. Were those bulls dangerous? I didn't know, and there wasn't another human being within sight or sound.

They surrounded my tent, with me standing beside it, and stood there gaping, neither friendly nor unfriendly, but very curious about this new thing in their lives. I didn't know whether it was safe to try to shoo them away or not. A few mild attempts changed nothing. It was as if they didn't get the idea. So we stood around like that for quite a while, me with paddle in hand. They would start to mouth my tent or ropes and

I'd dissuade them with paddle or yell, at the same time hoping it wouldn't trigger their anger. They didn't show any sign of belligerence, but I just didn't know and was very scared. I did a lot of praying.

After a while they wandered off and I took the opportunity to gather some dead tree limbs around the tent for protection. These would also protect me from being trampled during the night if and when it seemed safe to go to bed. Well, they came back again, circled close around the tent as before, gaped for a while, and left again. They were moving around out there late into the night. It might have been kind of tough packing up and paddling to a new place in the darkness, so I finally went to bed, waking now and then to listen to what the herd might be doing. And so the night passed, dawn arrived, and I was glad to see it. No hoof marks on my body.

The herd was a short distance away foraging, but the sight of me heeding nature's call was irresistible and over they came to investigate. I concluded the procedure under their bovine gaze as quickly as I could, and started packing up to leave. Two bulls were curious about my life jacket and tent fly hanging on a tree. One broke the dead branch stub bringing down the jacket. Canoe into the water, load it, and then, goodbye!

Thursday was another warm, pleasant day; slightly overcast. I reached the Titicut Street Bridge sometime that morning, carried over the road on account of the rifles under the bridge, and continued on upriver after talking with a heavily bearded man who lived in a trailer by the bridge. He had an aluminum skiff with an outboard on it, and was headed upriver to fish. This was only the second boat I'd seen since the Dighton-Berkley Bridge 18 miles back. He got underway before I did and when I saw him later he had some fish. Then, leaving again, he continued on further upriver, brutally forcing his craft over the numerous blowdowns on this part of the river (from the Auburn Street Bridge to the Rt. 104 Bridge). He had mentioned that he was going to do this. Apparently a regular thing with him. A great commotion of noise and smoke, but on he went and without being stopped for long anywhere.

I too had to get through the blowdowns. One in particular I remember because branches prevented bringing my canoe alongside the trunk to step onto it and slide the canoe across. Another spanned the river, bank to bank. Other than blowdowns (and the floating debris they collect) the river in this stretch was much the same as downstream; perhaps a bit wider

and brushier on both sides. With the low water level, the banks were muddy, making landings messy.

I don't recall passing under the Child's Bridge, but late in the afternoon I was surprised, and glad, to see the falls ahead and the Rt. 104 Bridge just beyond.

It is just above this bridge that the Town River coming from the west, and the Matfield River coming from the north, join to form the Taunton here about two miles east of Bridgewater, the place being called Paper Mill Village on the topo maps. The ruins of the mill are hard by on the right. I had launched here once on a day trip going downriver.

A decision was called for now because this would be a good place to take out if I didn't want to continue. It was now Thursday afternoon. Did I feel like going on? No, I didn't. I'd had enough for a while. My right wrist was sore and I was tired of being alone. I wanted to go home.

From near the falls, a trail led up through the woods to the road. A nearby convenience store had a phone, so I arranged, tentatively, (to be confirmed the next morning) to be picked up Friday afternoon. I bought a bottle of wine at the store, where it was fun to mention that I'd just arrived by canoe from Portsmouth, RI. Back to the canoe, make camp, have supper with the wine, look at maps, write in journal, read more of "Small Boat Through Sweden". Then a mediocre night on a sloping campsite with the falls roaring nearby.

In the morning, yet another beautiful day. After making the confirming call, having breakfast, cleaning the canoe, breaking camp and carrying my gear up above the falls (3' high), I helped a duck hunter get his Sport Pal canoe down over the falls and he helped me get my canoe up over them.

I wanted to see and paddle some of the Matfield, the next river

in the sequence, before ending the trip, so I decided to spend this final nice day so doing, returning to the Rt. 104 Bridge to meet Bernadette at 4:30.

I had a feeling the Matfield would have a more pleasant, cheerier aspect, and I was right. It's much smaller than the Taunton, slow moving and more open, marshy environs in places, high banks with some pines in others. It's twistier too, not fun with my substantial keel. The water was clean with lots of turtles and some ducks. Along the banks were occasional backyards.

I had to get out and walk the canoe up through rapids at the Pond Street Bridge, then later I arrived at a stationary mass of floating debris spanning the river; plastic containers, pieces of wood,

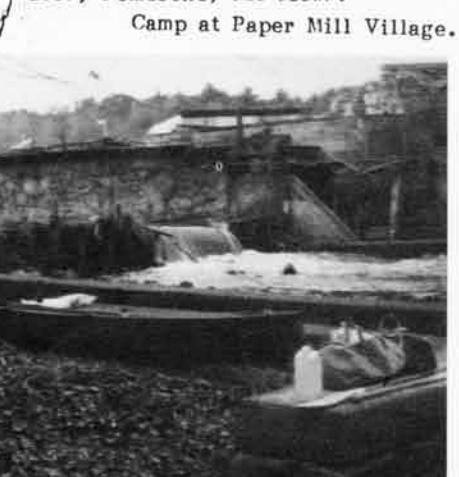
chunks of styrofoam, vegetation, etc. It was pretty dense. After penetrating about twenty feet I took a break. It was hard work and I was only halfway through. It seemed pointless to keep on pushing through this stuff, only to shortly have to repeat the task on

my way back. Since it was now mid-afternoon, I decided to call it quits and return to meet Bernadette. I backed out of the junk and turned downriver. Thus, the furthest point reached on my voyage became a mass of debris.

For the first time on my trip I was now heading downriver, not that this made much difference, for the current in the Matfield and the Taunton is slight. Back through the convolutions where the Matfield joins the Town and back to the bridge where I found a good spot to take out. Then I carried my gear and the canoe up the grassy bank to a place where Bernadette could pull off the road a bit. She arrived with my grandson, four year old Patrick, while I was talking with a man who worked nearby.

For anyone contemplating taking this trip, the guide describing the route is now once again available free from the Plymouth County Development Council, P.O. Box 1620, Pembroke, MA 02359.

Camp at Paper Mill Village.



Centerspread overleaf: Looking south down the Taunton from first overnight camp at the Assonet River junction.

Round The Island – Almost, by Aidan de la Mare

Forty-nine years on, Jady Lane gets the chance to round the Isle of Wight once more: with a different skipper.

As a DCA ex-member I have offered this account of a recent cruise to the Editor as it contains a bit of DCA history, and gives an up to date view of a voyage that seems to have been recorded in the DCA Bulletin only twice before. The first occasion was in Bulletin 18 in 1963 when John Deacon took his boat *Jady Lane* with his crew round the Isle of Wight. This was the culmination of his first seven years cruising in the Solent area, and was the last bit that remained unexplored by him. The other voyage was by Alan Earl in a Javelin fast planing dinghy with three up, and was recorded in Bulletin 171. It was a spectacular achievement from Chichester back to Chichester in one go.

I have now lived at Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight for seven years, and I have been the keeper of *Jady Lane* for twelve years, so, as the Grim Reaper is beginning to tap me on the shoulder to remind me that there is not all that long to go, I thought it was time to give *Jady Lane* the opportunity to go round the Island again. The first time was 49 years ago, and she is now over 90 years old and 20 years ahead of me, but we both still felt up to it. The main problem has been this dreadful Summer. It is not that it has actually been all that bad here in our magic climate on the 'Sunshine Coast', but that the forecasts have been dire so often, even if not always accurate. The passage plan is easy to work out – take the last of the ebb from Yarmouth to the Needles, carry the flood tide along the south coast of the Island, put in to Bembridge for the night, and return through the Solent next day. All dependent on a decent breeze with plenty of West in it.

So, enough of the theory – now to what happened.

The forecast for Saturday 28th July looked quite good and so did the tide – low water at the Needles at 12:00h. *Jady Lane* lives at home in a shed on a trailer so I launched in the harbour on a fine day but with quite a bit of cloud, but the start was not propitious. I slipped on the slipway and filled one gumboot with water – not a big problem. But worse, somehow during the launch (I still do not know how) *Jady Lane's* aluminium rudder blade got bent and the rudder stock split. I decided however that the problem was not serious enough to cause it to fail, so I forced the rudder blade down and trusted that the stock was strong enough not to be impaired. Although I very seldom think it necessary, on this occasion I logged the passage with Solent Coastguard, who hold my CG66 that identifies me and my boats in their records, and got under way at 10:00h. The wind however, that had been offering a useful lift towards the Needles by being northerly, chose that moment to die away, so I motored a short way out of the harbour and began sailing when the breeze filled in from the West.

That was not too bad as, once through the Hurst Narrows, I could stand close-hauled towards the Needles. But at Warden Ledge the wind died again,

and another burst with the motor was called for to keep up to the schedule and not miss the tide. The breeze soon filled in again, but from the southwest, so it became a tack dead to windward with one more session with the motor for the last bit to get there at 12:00h. Disappointing progress at two hours to do four miles. I was a bit apprehensive about 'threading the Needles' at dead low water, but there proved to be plenty of depth in the middle gap, although seaweed was visible on the surface. So another ambition was satisfied, to sail through the Needles (When I refer to 'we' and 'us' I mean *Jady Lane* and me, as I sail single-handed).

Then came the easy bit – ease sheets and settle down to a reach along the coast towards the distant headland of St. Catherine's Point twelve miles away. We had carried full sail up to then, but the breeze came clear and stronger, force 4, so I pulled down a reef in the main and stowed the mizzen to reduce weather helm. At first it was smooth enough to pour myself a cup of Bovril and eat my lunch as we ran past the beautiful sheer white cliffs of High Down and Tennyson Down. Soon the cliffs ended at Freshwater Bay, where John Deacon had stopped the night, but on this occasion it offered no shelter in the onshore breeze. Thereafter the coast is not very



The Needles from the South, Jady Lane having just passed through the middle gap

Photographs supplied by the author



Jady Lane approaching St Catherine's Point from the West

interesting with low brown cliffs backed by rounded grass covered downs. I kept about a mile off the lee shore as a precaution against the unlikely event of gear failure, but far ahead I could see the sails of a small boat close inshore going the same way. I never caught up to see what sort of boat it was. With the wind on the beam, and moderate but significant waves, *Jady Lane* rolled quite a lot and steering needed constant attention as we were going at speed.

Two hours from the Needles we met the first of the tidal disturbances off St. Catherine's Point. Intermittent at first, they became formidable just east of the lighthouse. Indeed I do not think I have ever taken a dinghy through rougher water. *Jady Lane* was thrown about all over the place, but her buoyant hull kept us dry and safe, except for a couple of lumps of water that leaped into the air and landed in the boat. But with the strong tide still carrying us eastwards and the good breeze freeing as we turned at the Point, we were quickly through the worst. Then followed a much more interesting coast of tumbled, land-slipped, wooded hills towering to the heights of St. Boniface Down, punctuated by houses peeping out from among the trees. With the wind now aft I was comfortable to stay close inshore and admire Ventnor, perhaps looking more attractive from the water than from the land.

At Dunnose the shore swung round to the North and I sighted Luccombe Bay, apparently offering shelter from the wind and sea. So I headed into the bay that had a smooth sandy beach, albeit encumbered with patches of rocks. These were easily avoided, and I ran *Jady Lane* on to the beach in what proved to be a grand romantic setting of high and steep tree-clad cliffs devoid of signs of habitation except a flight of wooden steps from the chine, and two people on the beach. I drew *Jady Lane* stern first on to the sand and took off the rudder blade, and with a hammer and anvil improvised from the rocks, bashed the blade straight, so that it would pivot properly in the rudder stock. I

would have liked to have wandered on the beach, but I was on passage so did not spare the time, and the tide was rising which made it problematic to leave the boat on the beach unattended.

So after a brew of coffee, I resumed the passage across Sandown Bay with an uneventful run, which took us well out from the shore to Culver Cliff, a favourite place for us on land as it provides a superb view to England and into the Channel that is often enlivened by shipping movements. This is a much smaller outcrop of the white chalk that is the eastern end of the Island's backbone of hills. After another two hours and twelve miles from St. Catherine's Point we came to Bembridge Ledge, the very extensive area of rocky shallows off The Foreland. One ridge

was just awash at more than half tide so I had to go quite a way out to round it. Thereafter I was able to keep quite close in, but it was all shallow water, much of it sand with seaweed reaching to the surface. I do not know where, or how deep, the rocks were, but I did not hit any, perhaps more by luck than judgement. Certainly at any time other than fairly close to high tide it would seem that one should keep quite a good offing.

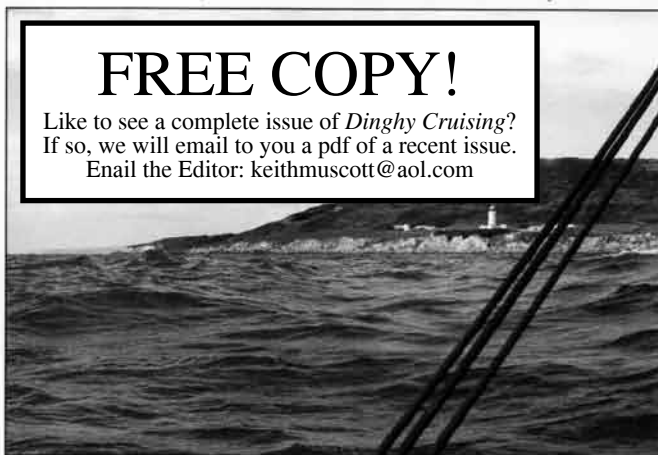
I passed close to the lifeboat station that stands on its legs well out to sea, and then past the Bembridge Redwing moorings that are also well out from the shore. We were now sailing close-hauled in smooth water in the lee of the land, inshore of St. Helen's Fort to bring up close to the sandy beach in Priory Bay at Seaview at 17:00h, and there I logged the successful completion of the passage with the Coastguard. The total distance was 33 nautical miles from Yarmouth, but the passage from the Needles to Foreland was at an average of six knots over the ground, with the fair tide, but it means that *Jady Lane* must have been sailing at hull speed for quite a lot of the time.

I stopped at Seaview to have supper, but with the ships and boats moving past near and far out,

St Catherine's Point from the east with the Needles in the far distance

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there was a constant wash coming in, so it was not a suitable place to spend the night. So after an hour of rest after seven hours of concentrated sailing I got under way again. I had thought to stop at Bembridge, but I had already passed the entrance, so I pressed on for Ryde, being able to make it to the end of Ryde Pier on one tack. Thereafter I had to tack a few times to keep inshore as I was heading for Wootton Creek. The wind had eased a bit but there was a lop on the water that was just the wrong length for *Jady Lane*; each wave smacked her on her rather full bows and slowed her progress. The five miles took two hours, which included the last part motor-sailing when my patience gave out. I anchored close to the west shore just inside the creek in complete shelter and quiet and *Jady Lane* sat down on the mud when the tide dropped. I fell asleep as soon as I lay down.

The next day, Sunday, I got under way at 08:00h, hoping to make good progress westwards before the wind filled in too much, as forecast. I had a good sail on a close reach in the shelter of the Island across Osborne Bay, but it began to get lively as we got out into the open water off Cowes. Then, although the tide was helping us westwards, the wind was coming straight up the West Solent kicking up a considerable chop. I put a reef in the mainsail, and soon afterwards the second reef, and it was still all I wanted, and uncomfortable at that. I got almost to Lepe, but decided that the prospect of tacking all the way to Yarmouth, with the probability that more wind was coming, was distinctly unattractive, if not dangerous.



Jady Lane, 14ft gunter yawl, with small foresail and reefed mainsail as worn for much of the trip around the Isle of Wight (photograph: John Perry)

So I turned and ran for Cowes – but that was not a good choice as the tide was running so strongly that *Jady Lane*'s progress was painfully slow. Also Cowes was further from Yarmouth, so I changed my mind after crossing to near Gurnard, and headed towards the Island shore, hoping it might be less sea and some shelter from the strength of the wind. But, apart from a tiny bay by Cliff Farm, there was very little advantage, and Yarmouth was still a long way to windward. After trying for a while, I gave up and ran back to anchor in the bay at Cliff Farm to think of what to do next and drink coffee.

The result of my thinking was to lower the masts and motor towards Newtown as close inshore as I dared, taking care to avoid the various areas of rocks that punctuate the coast. It was reasonably successful, but we got soaked with spray on the last bit off Newtown where we had to leave the shore to avoid the extensive shallows to the East of the entrance. But at last we ran in to the shelter of Newtown, and were just able to reach Shalfleet Quay before the water left it. There I was able to dry *Jady Lane* and myself in the bright sunshine and shelter from the wind behind the quay.

After lunch I walked to Shalfleet and caught the bus to Yarmouth and home. There I spent a few hours in welcome relaxation before returning to Shalfleet with car and trailer to recover *Jady Lane* when there was water enough at the slipway. I feel uncomfortable about the return to Yarmouth by car. I made some wrong decisions and failed in my endeavour and in the spirit of dinghy cruising. My only excuse is that I am conscious of my age and my limitations. I was aware of the toll that the previous day's sail had taken, and I knew that the long sail to windward in strong wind and rough water was inviting mistakes that could be serious. That *Jady Lane* was up to it I did not doubt, but if I was up to it – I was not so sure. Anyway, it was supposed to be sailing for pleasure as well as achievement, and continuing to windward in that would not have been a pleasure. But achievement there certainly was: Round the Island single-handed – Almost.

After this voyage, my attention was drawn to articles on the internet site of the UK Wayfarer Association describing passages round the Island made by members in company. They seem to have had rather worse weather than I did, but their boats are faster, seem to have carried two or more crew and had some sort of backup/rescue system.

They do perhaps suggest that the passage is more formidable than it need be, although, obviously, the key to it is the weather. I think it is perfectly sensible and safe for a well-found and equipped dinghy to be taken round the Island single-handed, provided the owner is satisfied with his boat and his experience. With a displacement dinghy it is sensible to do it in two days, because the moderate winds that are compatible with a safe and comfortable passage would mean that the time needed for the whole journey would probably overstretch the stamina of the crew, even if there were more than one. *AdIM*

The Mississippi River was at near record low levels, and when barge owners said their businesses were at risk if the river got much lower, the US Corps of Engineers claimed it would keep the river open. One way was removing rocks in the channel in Southern Illinois that had been exposed by the low water and contractors were digging and blasting 16 hours a day. (Barges slipped by in the other eight hours.)

In sharp contrast, high water on the Rhine River stopped barge traffic between petro hub Rotterdam and Switzerland and heating oil shipments piled up.

Marine authorities in Papua, New Guinea, quickly learned that the Japanese reefer *Asian Lily* had run aground on the southern end of Kwewata Island near Woodlark on Christmas Eve and that oil from the vessel was coating the island's shoreline, but the governor of Milne Bay Province first heard of the accident from villagers several days later. He was not happy about having been ignored.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank: The already unstable Philippine freighter *Ocean Legacy* sank itself at a pier in Ormoc on Leyte Island when it swung a heavy container over the pier.

An unnamed freighter carrying 4,725 tons of sand began to founder in strong winds off the mouth of the Yangtze and asked for help. It sank somewhere between Nantong, Jiangsu Province, and Longkou, Shandong Province, but its crew of 15 were saved.

Ships ran aground: The small tanker *Rami Dua* partially sank in shallow water between Labuan and Sabah's western Menum-bok (we're in the west part of the Malaysian state of Sabah, folks!) and some of its cargo of 200,000 litres of oil leaked into the sea after its crew of seven had been removed.

In the Maldives at Male the container ship *Augusts Schulte* ran aground. It was just a "routine" grounding and the ship was afloat again in three hours.

Drilling for oil in arctic waters off Alaska isn't easy and Royal Dutch Shell had enough problems last season that Democratic congressmen wanted an investigation. Take what happened to the highly specialized *Kulluk* off Kodiak Island. It's a circular drill platform bearing a drill tower. The hull below is cone shaped, extends down 60' and is made from 3" steel.

The specially built, very large (361'), high powered (22,000hp plus) ice breaking anchor handler *Aiviq* was towing *Kullak* to Seattle for winter modifications and maintenance when the towline parted south of Kodiak Island in bad weather. Then all four engines on the *Aiviq* stopped working (perhaps due to bad fuel) and the weather worsened.

To the rescue came the *USCGC Alex Haley*, once a Navy salvage ship, but its towline parted and the end wrapped itself around the *Haley's* port propeller. Off the *Haley* went for an unwrapping in a calm water port. A ton of spare parts (probably filters and fuel injectors) was helicoptered to the *Aiviq* and soon engineers and flown-in technicians got the engines running again.

Several other big tugs and supply ships played roles in the next few days and more towlines parted. Royal Dutch Shell finally decided to let *Kullak* go aground where it would do minimum environmental damage. It landed on a sand and gravel beach from



Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

where it was calmly pulled off by the *Aiviq* a few days later.

Ships hit things: The just emptied, outbound crude oil tanker *Overseas Reymer* struck a "glancing blow" to a tower of the San Francisco Oakland Bay Bridge. The double-hulled tanker was damaged above the waterline and the bridge's fendering system, made of timbers with steel backing, was also damaged, but the bridge remained open to vehicular traffic.

In Fiji, the container ship *Westerems* experienced engine failure while berthing at Suva and hit the container ship *Southern Cross*. Both suffered slight damage.

In Norway at Bergen, the ro-ro/pax *Vesterålen* hit the pier hard after an engine failure. No injuries but the passenger fly bridge was crushed, there was other damage to the vessel and the pier and 3,000 litres of oil started leaking somewhere on the pier.

Fires, of course: While waiting to berth at Mumbai, the container ship *E.R. Perith* had a fire in hold #7. It radioed for shore help but had the fire out before that help arrived.

At Tin-Can Port in Lagos, Nigeria, a barge caught fire at a tank farm and then exploded and that set a storage tank on fire. Much local excitement but no reports of injuries or deaths!

And capsizes: Off the South Korean port city of Ulsan, the 2,600 tonne barge *Seokjeong-36*, carrying a large crane for pouring cement, capsized, reportedly because of bad weather. Seven died and five more were missing.

People were hurt or killed: In Western Australia at Dampier, a worker's arm was crushed between a barge and the dock. He was airlifted to a Perth hospital.

In Scotland at Wick, a worker had a 30' fall while unloading wind turbine parts from a ship; broken bones but nothing critical.

The standby safety rescue vessel *Vos Sailor* was designed to ride out North Sea storms but then a rogue wave bashed the front of the superstructure some 130 miles from Aberdeen. One man, presumably on watch in the flooded wheelhouse, died of injuries, and the remaining 11 crewmen were winched to safety. (The winchman continued to help after breaking a bone in his foot.) The powerless, deserted ship was later towed to Scotland.

In bad weather, the 64' sailboat *Paradise* was somewhere between Cozumel, Mexico, and Houston when the younger male onboard decided his stepfather needed to be evacuated. He had a history of heart disease and was slumped over and unresponsive. A Coast Guard helicopter took the man ashore but his wife remained with her son.

Other things happened. China banned the use of vessels of less than 5,000 dwt between its coastal provinces and territories, Hong Kong and Macau.

During a barge to barge transfer of #6 heating oil, a tank on one barge started seeping oil into New York's Kill Van, the waterway between Staten Island and New Jersey that connects to New York Bay and the Hudson River.

Gray Fleets

"...quiet submarine technology in China and Iran is improving at a noticeable rate... US ASW capability going backward, the submarine capability of US strategic adversaries is going forward and US Navy capability as a whole is in decline," was the dismal summary by a top Navy official. "We are going to be doing less with less in the future." But the Navy is rushing to improve its anti mine capabilities and there are those electromagnetic rail guns, laser weapons and carrier borne drones coming soon.

As had been expected, the commanding officer of the nuclear attack sub *USS Montpelier* was relieved of his command for letting the sub surface in the path of the oncoming cruiser *USS San Jacinto*. The Navy said an investigation revealed that the primary cause was human error, poor teamwork by the submarine's watch team and the commanding officer's failure to follow procedures for submarines operating at periscope depth.

A Royal Navy insider described the two UK aircraft carriers being built as "white elephants with dinky toys on top." He stated that they have less basic capabilities than Argentina's navy during the Falkland War and noted that their aircraft will lack midair refueling capabilities and so the ships will have to remain close to shore.

Shortly after a Chinese pilot landed a Chinese built jet on China's first aircraft carrier for the first time, the president of the company that built the jet dropped dead from a heart attack.

The third of Russia's *Borey* class strategic nuclear subs started sea trials. The fourth generation nuclear powered missile submarines are intended to replace the aging *Delta III* and *Typhoon* class submarines and will carry up to 16 Bulava missiles with multiple warheads.

White Fleets

New York met Hurricane *Sandy*, Fiji met Cyclone *Evan*, both were damaging. The cruise ships *Carnival Spirit* and *Crystal Symphony* changed itineraries to avoid Cyclone *Evan* but the Fiji based 140 passenger cruise ship *Reef Endeavour* took a beating and suffered some damage. It was back in service within 11 days. Other nautical damage included the storm induced groundings of two anchored ships at Suva, the bulkier *Starford* and the fully loaded container ship *Captain Tasman*, aka *Capitaine Tasman*.

Fishnets wound around a propeller shaft damaged shaft seals on the *Carnival Splendor* and repairs forced a change in the next seven day cruise. Passengers on that cruise were offered a full refund due to the itinerary change.

The status of *QE2*, Cunard's longest-serving liner, was obscure. Reportedly, over 160 planned events on the ship were cancelled and the *QE2* was sold to Chinese or Indian scrappers for £20 million. The famed vessel had been bought by Dubai interests for £64 million for conversion into a luxury hotel at the tip off the manmade Palm Jumeirah Island but along came the credit crunch... (For the last five years the *QE2* has been

maintained in running condition at a cost of £650,000 a month.)

About 300 passengers on the *Oriana* were afflicted by what was probably the norovirus, with the first passenger reporting to the sickbay within two hours after leaving Southampton. Since the disease has an incubation period of one to two days, at least one sick person had the disease when he/she boarded.

The start of a 109-day round the world cruise of the *Saga Ruby* was delayed due to a faulty crankshaft, a defect discovered only hours before departure. Some passengers spent the night on the ship before returning home. Repairs took about a week and there were no cancellations for the world cruise.

Those That Go Back and Forth

In Massachusetts' Boston harbor, a homeless man boarded a holiday vacated ferry on Christmas Day and celebrated by setting the empty vessel adrift. They were three piers away when police arrived.

In the UK, a pub boss disappeared the same day as £29,000 in Christmas Club cash. He boarded a ferry for France but seems not to have arrived there.

Somewhere between Devon and Cornwall, a popular teenaged lad was seen on CCTV jumping off the Torpoint ferry, which is pulled across the River Tamar on chains. An extensive search failed to find him.

On Lake Tanganyika a ferry sank between Tanzania and Burundi due to violent winds with about 90 on board. Eight died and around 20 were missing.

At New Orleans, the lower Chalmette-Algiers ferry turned around in midstream and returned after passengers got sick. A "chemical cloud" drifting over the Mississippi River had caused throat and eye irritation. The cloud was probably sulphur dioxide released by a local plant during maintenance.

A British mother of two spent the evening drinking with her husband on the *Pride of Rotterdam* and CCTV showed her staggering about, alone on deck in the wee hours. She was not on board when the ferry arrived at Rotterdam.

In the Philippines, the *Zamboanga Ferry* ran aground while docking at Dumaguete due to strong winds from Tropical Depression *Auring*. Rescuers waded into the surf, hoping to attach lines so a forklift on the pier could pull the vessel to deeper water. Meanwhile, rescuers got all passengers, mostly students returning to university, safely ashore using lifeboats.

Ferries had a particularly bad month, several violently running into things. A New York fast commuter ferry crashed into its Manhattan pier at considerable speed (about 14 knots, the Coast Guard later estimated) and 85 of 326 passengers, many on their feet ready to disembark, were hurt, two seriously.

When transfer from astern to forward failed, the rail ferry *Conro Trader* rammed the crude oil tanker *SVL Pride*, damaging both ships. Damage would have been worse except for a cushioning tug between ferry and tanker. All this happened at Kavkaz Port, a small harbor on the Kerch Strait in Krasnodar Krai, Russia, that is the eastern (Russian) terminal of the railroad and car ferry line terminating in the Crimea.

At Macau, a TurboJet fast ferry cautiously left its pier at slow speed because visibility was only 0.8 miles but it somehow managed to leave the channel and run into the

No 5 marker buoy, still at slow speed. Taken to a hospital were 26 people and two stayed there for some time.

Energy

Low speeds to save fuel have created a continuing struggle between the container shipping lines and shippers. Speeds below 20 knots save money for the lines but increase customers' costs. However, the lower speeds also increase schedule reliability. In any case, express service is unlikely to return any time soon. Demand for crude oil abroad increased as US crude oil output rose to the highest level since January 1994. (The International Energy Agency recently reported that the US will overtake Saudi Arabia and Russia by 2017 as the world's biggest producer of liquids.)

But the first attempt to ship railcar carried Baaken Field crude from Albany, New York, to a refinery in New Brunswick was aborted when the tanker *Stena Primorsk* had a steering failure and ran aground just south of Albany. Three tank barges offloaded the oil and the tanker, escorted by two precautionary tugs, limped south for a date with a New York shipyard. The tanker lost its left rudder in the grounding but normally features twin engines, twin propellers and twin rudders.

The famed Staten Island ferries make 109 trips each workday and burn between 60,000 and 70,000 gallons of diesel fuel in doing so. But that gallonage will lessen after one of the smaller *Austen* class ferries is converted this year to use LNG.

An American company will build the world's largest LNG powered container ships and put the duo into service to Puerto Rico. The company is also converting existing container ships in its Alaskan service to LNG while they are sailing.

Legal Matters

The US Coast Guard established temporary safety zones so four small vessels (think tugs and the like) could service grain shipment vessels on the Columbia and Willamette Rivers. Why? "To ensure that protest activities relating to a labor dispute do not create hazardous navigation conditions for any vessel or other river user in the vicinity of the safety zones."

The longshoreman's strike at 17 Gulf of Mexico and East Coast container ports was averted when parties agreed to keep on talking.

Nature

Unusually thick sea ice on Laizhou Bay in east China's Shandong Province, the worst the area has experienced in three years, stranded a thousand coastal ships, and conditions were expected to grow worse. Local aquafarmers were concerned that the thicker ice may lead to heavy losses because they were unable to penetrate the ice to provide adequate ventilation (well, that's the word in the news item!) for sea cucumbers and other aquatic organisms.

Oil and methane gas seeps may contribute as much as 50-70 million tonnes of atmospheric methane per year, or about 10% of global sources. Capture and use of methane from seeps could mitigate global climate change in two ways. Combusting methane (a potent greenhouse gas 25 times stronger than carbon dioxide on a per molecule basis) converts it to the weaker greenhouse gases carbon dioxide and water, and use of

local methane could reduce energy consumption associated with shipping costs and diesel usage by remote villages.

NOAA has been mapping US East Coast deepwater gas leaks between Cape Hatteras, North Carolina, and Cape Ann, Massachusetts, because "it's important to find and understand such seeps because they have global significance for the transfer of methane carbon from long term storage in ocean floor sediments into the ocean and atmosphere." Approximately 25 distinct seafloor gas seeps were identified based on plumes rising into the water column as high as 1,100 meters (3,600 feet).

In British Columbia, leaking dishwasher detergent is imperiling the clams he harvests. So claimed a member of the Gitga'at First Nation who voiced concerns about fluids leaking from the sunken ferry *Queen of the North*.

Metal-Bashing

It's been five years since a commercial vessel was built on the River Clyde but the world's first seafaring hybrid ferry was launched there recently. The ro-ro/pax will utilize a hybrid system of diesel engines and lithium ion batteries and it and a sister ferry will operate in Scottish waters.

Bulbous bows reduce fuel requirements by moving the bow wave forward into space not yet occupied by the hull. (That is not the correct explanation but hopefully the reader gets the general idea.) Maersk has found it can reduce fuel bills up to 2% by replacing the bulb with a new bow design.

Because retrofits will be both costly and time consuming, individual business cases will have to be developed for each class of Maersk containership. Bulbous bows are most effective when used in vessels when the waterline length is longer than about 15 metres (49') and the vessel operates most of the time at or near its maximum speed. Maersk's decision may be because it has been operating its container ships at slower than normal speeds due to high fuel costs.)

Odd Bits

In Virginia, a man found what he thought was an old buoy. He trucked it home where he spotted a plaque that identified the "buoy" as a 1917 anti shipping mine and it was still "hot." Experts blew up the mine in a nearby state park, placing it underground (it was a mine, after all!) for safety.

At Lyttelton, New Zealand, a ferry skipper didn't hesitate when a line fouled the port propeller. He got the boat back to a pier on one engine and then he stripped to his skivvies and over the side he went, pocketknife in hand and mask on face. Sixty-six waiting Christmastime passengers applauded as the successful skipper re-donned his uniform over wet undies and invited them aboard.

Head-Shaker

Two Brits were walking their dogs near the South Pier at Blackpool one night, tossing objects for the dogs to retrieve. Somehow both men ended up in the water and only one was saved. Also saved was a football that had been heaved into the sea as an impromptu substitute for a life ring.

Never a Dull Moment 8/31

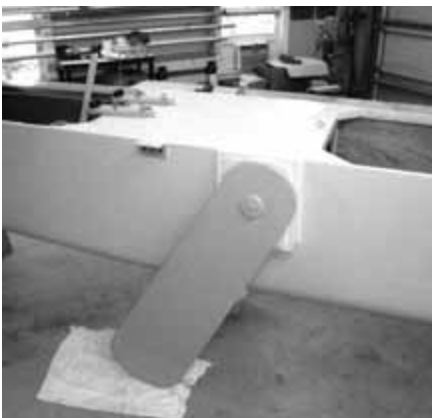
Never a dull moment around here and if things slow down someone will break something. As Crazy Steve says, "your tragedy is our entertainment," especially if it's something impossible fix. We thrive on the impossible (as long as Howard's around).

First we have Phil and Howard working on an outboard motor. Phil got this great deal on a boat and motor and naturally the motor self destructed after the first half hour. Something got really hot inside and things were melted beyond all comprehension. Phil was all down about it and couldn't understand why the rest of us were happy and excited. Phil's the new guy around here and hasn't seen Howard at work.

We have access to wholesale motor part prices from a company that has everything. You can see what happened. The whole damn thing was taken apart, broken bolts drilled out, cylinders bored out, new pistons and bearings put in, new pumps all round, carbs overhauled, all put back together and the thing runs like a sewing machine. You have to see it done to believe it, parts strewn all over the place.



Next is another genius, this one with making things simple on fast boats. Trimaran Frank wants to be able to do everything without getting out of his big lounge chair. Here's the latest on the the big 24' trimaran that Frank's building to his own design. I don't know how he keeps his floor so clean. Must have a magic wand somewhere. This thing is going to be awesome, may even be a good candidate for the Everglades Challenge.



Mike Burwell called me a while back to see if I'd finish a boat for him. Mike likes to make weird boats, like one that looks like a basket. I wouldn't volunteer so he had to do it himself. Looks like he can make a real boat. I even convinced him to paint it with house paint. I think he's still skeptical on that point. Have faith Mike, it'll work.

Fall Descends on the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



Doug built a really nice Penobscot 14 last year so he went right into a model of this whaleboat looking thing. Maybe it's just so he can see what the real one will look like. I hope he builds it full size.



John and three of the guys from the Cortez Maritime Museum stopped by to look at Stan's Puddle Ducks. They're thinking of making some of these on a family boat building weekend and wanted to try one out. He's like us, how do these things go so well with no wind? We gave them the whole tour, had to

drag a couple of them out of the tiki hut. They were in Steve's shop for a long time and when I went to check on them they had the sail up on his little sailboat, the one he was out on the St Lawrence River in. Ever seen a fully rigged ketch all set up inside its shop?



Without A Doubt The Best Cover 9/11

The cover on the September issue is without a doubt the best cover in all the 30 years Bob's been putting this thing out. Me and Howard in *Sweet Pea* and a story by me, it don't get no better than that.



Annie Holmes tries to keep the SCUZ-BUMS in San Diego in line. She's been everywhere and done everything, including writing for this magazine. You Aussies have something in common with Annie, she's married to one of you. He probably keeps her laughing all the time.



I really do love Charles Hodges (of the famous Hodges model airplane crashers) boat, just like my *Helen Marie* except totally different, he doesn't even have air conditioning, must be cooler up in Georgia. He has this to say about it:

"My boat has more of a workboat finish. I started with plans for a Bolger Idaho but widened it to 6' and changed the stern to an Atkin Shoals Runner design for the inboard engine. Named *Adagio* (musical term for 'play slowly'), she ended up 33'10"x6'3", flat bottomed, tunnel stern. Should float in about 8" of water. I couldn't decide on what I wanted for a helm station so I built big servos and made everything radio controlled. I can carry the transmitter on a strap like binoculars and drive from anywhere I want to sit.

I live next to the largest and oldest RC model airplane shop in the Southeast US. It is on our farm and my brother runs it. <<http://www.hodgeshobbies.com/>>. Here is a picture of a carbon fiber model hitting the powerline during the Southeastern Electric Flight Festival (SEFF) in April."



I visited John at the Cortez Maritime Museum. John's a pretty good guy, must be cause he has a super girlfriend and you know what they say about behind every good man. Look at me. He's holding a model of their spritsail skiff. He's looking for someone who can make him some more kits for the museum.



Here is the Crystal River Scow with its skeg on. Those Crystal River Rats can't be stopped.



Trimaran Frank pulled the main hull out of his clean room, stuck some old amas on and took it out. He was disappointed because it would only go 11 knots with a wind of 10 knots.



Howard has the engine almost perfect on his Texas Sled. We took it out today and scared the hell out of ourselves. It has really low sides and goes really fast. We all agreed that it needs way more places to hang onto and side rails, high side rails.



Phil took us to visit his friend Jay who specializes in RVs that look like factory jobs. I forgot the name of these hulls but they are really slick. The 4' draft may make sailing a little challenging here in 3' deep Florida. His

shop is a little like ours except with metal junk instead of wood junk.



Jim's deck beams are on and the inside painted. I had to plead with him to let me paint it, I love spray painting latex paint, grinding wood, digging dirt and sitting around with the guys. Takes all kinds, doesn't it?



Doug Engh went up to the Wooden Boat School in Maine, looks like a lot of fog and rain to me. He could've just come down here and we'd have hosed him down for a lot less money.



Wally finished his melonseed, except for the name and number. He'll be taking it to Ft Desoto this Saturday along with three more from here. The National Weather Service says it'll be a perfect day and they're never wrong.



What Happens When We Don't Lock the Gate 9/14

This just goes to show you what happens when you don't lock the gate and strange things wander in. Me and the guys were sitting down in the hut having a few well deserved cool ones after a hard day playing in the boat shop, well, maybe not Crazy Steve. Oh he was having a cool one but I'm not sure about the well deserved part, far as we could tell he didn't do shit.

Well we were sitting there enjoying the afternoon when a sudden Florida shower sprung up and completely blocked out the river. Then the most amazing sight came out of the mist, this little red tug boat came slipping in and blew its giant air horn. We welcomed them in with a wave from the shelter of the tiki hut, no point getting wet helping them tie up or anything.

Turns out we knew the builder Glenn. He and Roy had taken an hour to make the three mile trip from the ramp to our dock. The boat has a 10hp electric motor and a bunch of giant batteries and a generator just in case. They had a good visit, showed the proper appreciation for the boats and especially the hut. Steve gave them the standard rules for new visitors, that they only get one free visit, now that they know the accepted requirement (no beer, no visit) they'll be most welcome and valued additions at happy hour.



Milton's Models 9/27

Milton Thrasher sent some pictures of one of his ship models under construction. Milton is an old guy with a business making laser cut parts for model boats. I bet it's really fun doing that. Can you imagine having anything to do with boat building and actually getting paid for it?



We Did It Again 10/2

We had so much fun sailing at Ft DeSoto that we did it again and after hearing how great this place is, some new boats came along.



Franks big tri performed well but us mono guys still think it's just a skinny boat with training wheels.

Michael had a new little boat he said was a skerry, I think. It was pretty but a little slow for him and it rolled him out into the water during a jibe and the big boat wakes.

There were lots of those giant three engine racing looking boats going out for a fishing tournament. I notice that none of us took a single picture of any of them.



Simon was there again with his dam Pesky Goat Island Skiff (capital P). For a simple, cheap (unless you finish it like he did) boat this thing really goes. I would definitely recommend this boat for anyone who wants an easy to build performance boat. It wouldn't work for me because it doesn't have a wide deck to keep the water out when I screw up and heel way over.



Crazy Steve had his tiny ketch wound up and moving right along. He answered the question once and for all, what's the fastest sailboat in the world for going to weather with absolutely no wind and no oars?



These two melonseeds are laying on their sides to get their centerboards unstuck. The beach was not sand but crushed shell that really jammed up our boards. Since they float on their sides we just pulled them over, popped the plug on top of the cap and pushed them down with the stick made for just this.



I like to brag about how manly we are, it don't get no manlier than a saw mill. We picked up Bruce and some logs he had and went out to Nick's house and his bandsaw saw mill. Sandy and Steve were there also and they worked their asses off in the heat and dust to move these monsters around. I would have helped but someone had to take the pictures and I had the camera so don't give me no grief. It really was fun watching this saw go through the logs and really scary when it hit the 100-year-old fence nails that had grown into the middle of the big oak tree. You've never seen a saw blade go from razor sharp to butter knife dull in about a second.



Mark sent some more photos of that boat he was building out in California. He designed it himself using some old Herreshoff plans for inspiration. He says it sails like a dream and goes to weather like it wants to. You can see why if you look closely at the picture of it on the trailer. That long skinny board you see in front of the wheel is its daggerboard, I guess, the thing must be 10' long. It wouldn't work here in the shallow water we have but is just the thing in Southern California. It sure would be nice to see a picture with its sail up, Mark.



Walk Around the Shop 10/20

I took a walk around the shop with a camera to record what was here in October. The first picture isn't one of those but seems to sum it up about all of us, you may have to think about it a little. Junior is telling Mommy, "Mommy, when I grow up I want to build wooden boats." Mom replies, "Well, you decide, you can't do both." I bet your wife will agree with it. Or maybe we grew up and are now regressing.



Steve's *Chelsea*, the *African Queen*, world's best kayak tow boat and his beautiful Gannett hull. Well, it's his for now but it's going to another home in a couple of months where I expect for it to be finished to museum quality.



Our Gravely tractor, makes it fun to move boats around and fun is what we're all about.



Jim's getting the deck on his fishing boat, cabin top next.



Laylah was hanging from the skyhook with her centerboard down which shows why sailboats would rather go forward than sideways.



Howard made a beautiful cypress door for *Helen Marie* but after seeing all of his mahogany trim I asked him to make a new one, out of mahogany.



Sandy's shiny new canoe, it takes him about two weeks to make one of these.



Stan's redoing his Baidarka, this long skinny boat is really fast. The mouth is traditional.



Steve says he is going to do something with this good looking fiberglass hull one day.



Looking into Steve's shop.



Wally's conversion boat and melonseed.



Topsail & Ghost Town 10/31

Barry Long has a topsail for his little 13' melonseed but this is the best he can do showing them to us. I want to know how he gets them up and how they work. He claims that he's so fast that no one can keep up with him to take a picture.



Jay Bliss sent me this picture from the small craft meet at St Michaels, Maryland. He says they had the usual bunch of fine boats but this one caught his eye. It's Ian Brice's 40kt electric speed boat. The thing even pulls water skiers. No, I'm not thinking about making one. As far as I am concerned electric boats suck, you never know when you're going to run out of power.



Kayak Kathy and Lance went camping over near Titusville and had a good time playing in their kayaks. She got a shot of this big red boat. Just add a fantail. They were camped across from the space center and said that the whole area is a ghost town, all the motels for sale and restaurants closed down. When NASA shut down so did this part of Florida.



Playing in the Shallows 11/4

We had a great day in late October playing in the shallows on the way to the Mar Vista restaurant. Here is one photo showing the shallows but the real picture show is on Lenna's link. Her pictures are great as usual. Most of us decided to sail straight across the big sand bar and ended up doing a little walking. I did manage to make it most of the way after sending Judy up to stand on the bow to lift *Laylah's* stern up. She's a real sport because she didn't even question the sanity of this move. I suppose she couldn't get in too much trouble since the water was only 4" deep. Judy also got the award for making the longest drive, she came all the way from Charleston, South Carolina, just to be abused by me.

Click here for lots of great pictures: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/creativelenna/sets/72157631929555347/>



More Boats, a Paddleaxe, Shavings and More 11/12

Here is a fine skiff built at the St Augustine Maritime Museum and LAMP (I'm not sure what that stands for, you can Google it). I love the wood they used, nothing like shiny pine. It doesn't have a boom so it won't point very high but they did cut the foot high enough to see under sitting down. Not sure about that standing up maneuver. It has a topsail and I don't even know how to rig one. Really pretty boat, guys.



And then there's Texas Jim Rester and his standup paddle board. Other than the mesquite back end the board is standard, it's the paddle or paddleaxe as he calls it, that's odd. A while back he sent a picture of a big piece of black walnut he had and wondered what to do with it, making a paddle is the last thing any of us would have thought of. This sucker must weigh 20 pounds. And Chuck the Duck claims that Texans are normal, right. Check him out here: <http://www.woodenboat.com/launchings/kaholo-paddleboard>.



Maybe Sandy is from Texas, also. See this giant pile of shavings behind the planner. We went to the cypress sawmill yesterday to stock up and when we got back he turned his boards into a pile of shavings. He builds those ultra lightweight shiny canoes and the wood has to be perfect.



It got a little chilly last week so we took the big fan out of the tiki hut and put in the stove. All the scrap wood we've been saving all summer will be gone in a month and the guys will be hiding their good stuff.



Judy Macfarlan is working on having a melonseed messabout in Charleston in May. I've never met her but told her she could come see the shop and boats anytime so she's flown into town for that visit and a sail on a Cortez melonseed. I'd love for her to see some other seeds as well so as usual, I've arranged for perfect weather, a low tide so she can explore the sand bars and light winds so she don't get stressed.

Barry long built two 13' melonseeds in his basement and made them so perfect that they were museum quality. I used to laugh at him and tell him that the first time they hit the water they'd be just boats. Now see how he treats the poor thing, uses it as a camper.



Barry does have one thing to hold over my head, he has topsails for these little boats and says they move like wildfire in light air. I want to fly also so I ask museum John to come over and make me one for *Laylah*. That didn't work out but he did come with this cutter rig. Eat your heart out Barry, we'll see about light air now. We did come to our senses after a while but it was fun dragging out these sails.



At Target they sell a smoke bubble machine, it makes bubbles filled with smoke so when they pop you get a smoke signal coming out of your stack. I'm getting one for *Helen Marie*.

Tim Norwood sent this picture of a hull he has and ask me what I'd do with it if I had it. That's a no brainer, the thing already has a fantail. Stick a 10hp outboard in a well, put a fancy top on and he'd have a great fantail launch.



I don't know how many of you armchair designers said my *Helen Marie* is too high and will roll over. Let's analyze that shall we. Her 2" thick roof is made from Styrofoam that I lifted up by myself, the upper 4' of space inside is mostly air, all of her installed equipment is located low down and she has 800lbs of water ballast in the bottom that comes in and goes out when she's launched and pulled.

Now look at this picture of the shallow draft, gaff rigged centerboard sailboat with the huge white sail way up in the air. This is *Tricia Marie* and she has the same hull as *Helen Marie*, they came off the same mold. All I did was add 16" to the sides and stick a fantail on the back. She has no ballast and managed to stay upright in a blow. There's still a lot of work to finish but she'll be ready to show off soon.



This beautiful little yawl would put you in the water if you weren't paying attention. This guy knows his stuff about a sailboat. There use to be a boat shop near Cape Cod named Edey & Duff that closed down a couple years ago after making classic boats for 40 years. That's a hell of a long time to make your wife believe you're working instead of just playing with boats, well done guys.

This little beauty belongs to Mait Edey himself and looks like a boat that a real sailor would have. Notice how his workmanship and mine look the same, except maybe for the filler and house paint I use, but what does he know?



Here is Whalen without the usual bottle of scotch and a saw in his hand instead. He's with the Crystal River Rats who're building the huge sailing scow using only 1860s tools and methods. You have to see it to believe it, no power tools at all and this big lumber. I'd need a drink also.



Here is the next boat Howard's going to build. I wonder if he'll make us shovel coal for the steam box?



Clever Guys, Advice on Finishes and an Old Boat Postcard 11/19

Master designer Pop-I Schuster figured it was time to give a name and logo to a bunch of guys getting together at the same place and the same time for no reason other than playing in the water. Here it is and he says that you really can order clothes with the logo. I'm getting some of the hats for sure. A pocket in the flap?

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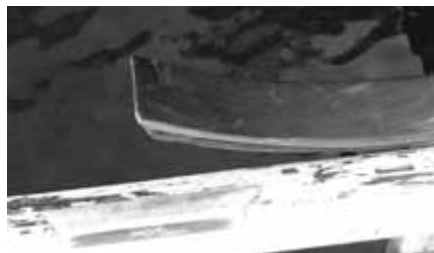
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Another guy I speak highly of is Crazy Steve. Maybe not so crazy after all, here's his card and whatever he did allowed him to retire at a young age across the river from me. With a card like this I get the feeling that when you needed his services you really needed his services. He still has to commute back and forth to "work" in his shop here. It takes four minutes if he brings the dogs.



I would never presume to give advice on paint or varnish or finishes of any kind. My feeling is that if your finish comes out good it's just blind luck. Varnish is the worst of all so for the last year we've tried to avoid using it altogether. We've been using UV stabilized epoxy for the final and only finish on any bright work we do. RAKA sells this stuff for a pretty good price and it seems to be holding up reasonably well.

I don't think we've had anything bright that spends a lot of time out in the sun so at the beginning of the summer we screwed a piece of trim that had two coats of Epifanes varnish and this curved piece of red cedar that had one coat of epoxy to the back of the bench out on the dock where it gets full Florida sun all day long. The varnish is totally gone but the epoxy is hanging in there. I can hear it all coming in already; you're suppose to put seven coats of varnish, you're suppose to renew the finish every six month, you're suppose to cover it up, you're suppose to store it away in the barn. So I repeat, this is not advice, it's an observation and if you try it it'll probably explode and sink your boat. You should see this stuff on Steve's paddles, like glass.



Dan Smith collects postcards of old boats and sends us a picture when he comes across a good one. If you have any you want to get rid of let me know and I'll put you in touch with Dan.



Wanderer, at Fort Lauderdale in the early 1900s. Naturalist Charles B. Cory brought her to south Florida in the 1890s. Actor Joseph Jefferson was a frequent guest. Abandoned on the river, she was destroyed by the 1926 hurricane.

Bat Boat and Melonseed 12/3

Museum John gave his bat boat a try. He says it's suppose to look like this and that skinny outrigger is suppose to do this. The Polynesians took 4000 years to perfect this thing, so who are we to criticize? It's not a float, it's a balance beam. It is pretty and went along fine for its first sail and the horrible winds we get in our lagoon.



Barry and Terri Long are still enjoying the little melonseeds he built. Here he is out for a late year's sail with Tony Thatcher. I make fun of the small melons but they do seem to get used more than the larger boats.



Guys Having Too Much Fun 12/11

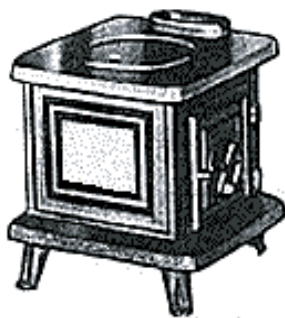
Have any of you ever heard of an Aussie who isn't have too much fun? It's got to be the upside down living that makes them all happy. Here's another example, Colin's front yard looking out across dunes to the Tasman Sea, wherever that is. He can sit and watch sailboat races every week from his front porch when he's not involved in them. No wonder they don't let the rest of us live there, they're keeping it all to themselves.



Peter the plumber took his standup boat out with one of Steve's custom paddles to check out its flex. He says a little flex makes paddling a lot easier. He loved the flex but did manage to snap it. This was one of the early models, new ones don't break.



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It Has To Be Fun 12/23

I'll start off with a picture of Museum John with a modified rig on his canoe, note the weather.



Poor 'ol Steve. His life is as bad as the Aussies. Here is a shot taken from my yard of the way he goes home in his kayak. He goes a little farther and turns into his canal. It may be better not to know about guys like Steve and Colin, they're having too much fun while we have to put up with them. Here's a video of playing in the river; <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=saoxy8KQW8>.



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Steve is also having a new dock put in at his new house and wanted a floating dock to get out of small boats so he made this one; and being one of us figured that it'd make a nifty little boat with his Torquido motor and it did. This is how he'll get it home across the river. You all know that the prime directive of anything we do around here is that it has to be fun, this proves the point. Also note the weather and heavy winter clothes Steve's wearing.

See you in the spring!



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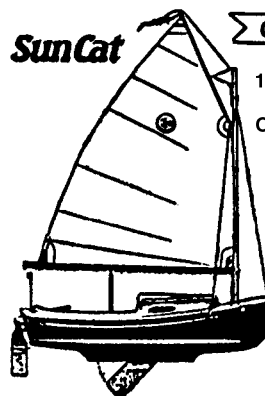
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What if you had a completely new idea, one that was soooooo simple and commonplace that it just couldn't really be new? Except for the fact that you never actually saw it in action before. So there I was, minding my own business, just eating breakfast and reading a book. Just sort of drifting and dreaming my way through a half hour. And wham!

Maybe "wham" is too dramatic. More like "plop" then. So, plop goes this germ of an idea. I think it just landed with a splash in my Cheerios. A brand new slant on an ancient question.

I've got this in-work creation that was supposed to be a tugboat. Then, when that just didn't look right, the poor thing morphed into what I've chosen to call a "1910 Commuter Launch." Dunno why I chose 1910, but it just seemed about as antediluvian as I could imagine something with currently recognizable lines might be. Kate told me I should name her *Shenanigan* and that seemed pretty appropriate. Anyhow.

I've been sort of wrapped up in a notion that I borrowed from The Great Lucas, Leader of the Tampa Tikitroops. Those guys have done a really sweet job of propelling what they refer to as "an old timey surrey topped launch" with what I will call the "Lucas Drive." That in and of itself is probably reason enough to build or modify a boat. The Lucas Drive is the essence of simplicity an otherwise discarded outboard motor gear box bolted to the bottom of the boat with the drive shaft protruding into the dry part of the hull. Then, flying in the face of Ole Evinrude and his arch nemesis, Karl Kiekhauffer, the Lucas Drive uses the ubiquitous product of messers Briggs and Stratton. Yup. They stuck a good ol' reliable lawnmower motor in a boat and skipped all the dark arts and incantations required of the two-stroke outboard cult. Everybody wants to at least be an honorary Tikitrooper. Me, too. And what better way into that ingroup of all ingroups than to maybe even IMPROVE on one of their prize accomplishments? Well, it could happen.

So there I was trying not to induce a homemade café coronary with sudden inhalation of General Mills' finest round morning fuel as I blurted out to nobody in particular, "Wow, that ain't gonna work!?" I don't think Kate was anywhere around. And she would never bother to join any of my rather abstruse and wide ranging conversations between myself and my cereal bowl anyway. Maybe you know somebody like that.

See, here's the problem. Duckworks published a series lately on a guy who has taken a home built AF4b around the Great Loop, apparently by himself. Now he's gone off and really made the rest of us jealous and is slushing his way around Skanda-hoo-via with designs on making it to where the Rich Guys keep their gold platters waiting for when it gets cold back home. The Med. Yeah. You can probably see where this is going.

Like for most of us single handers, just about all the pictures of this guy's boat are with the boat beached someplace. Sure, at a dock now and then. But if you want to get away from people, mostly if you want to get away from jet skis and muscle stinkpots, you're gonna have to give up on some of the conveniences. Anyhow.

I got to thinking about beaching the Commuter Launch and how that was gonna be somewhat problematic with the bid'ness end of the motor fixed to the bottom of the

What If?

By Dan Rogerst

So What About *Shenanigan*?

Just delayed a bit. It's the metacentric heights thing. I'm tempted to "simply" add a ballasted skeg and go about my business. However, too much prevention can lead to more trouble than would normally occur. I want to make it to Sucia Island this year, and Andy Linn's run up the Columbia as well, both missions for that boat, originally. So, rather than be overtaken by events later, I'm making sure there's an adequate Plan-B vessel at the ready. And, of course *Lady Bug* is ALWAYS ready to go. It's just that I'm absolutely certain her itty biddy cabin has shrunk even more over the past few years.

At any event, *Shenanigan* is still with us, and will be floating pretty when the skating rink turns back to a swimming hole. Just this morning, I was re-re-re-pondering how to do a "Lucas Drive" in that hull. He's thrown down the gauntlet, and it seems a worthy challenge. I'll check my TODO list, and....



boat. Sure, the stern hung rudder aft of it was certainly a thing of wonder when it came time to impress the ladies with my maneuvering prowess while coming alongside a dock in a contrary wind. But what if there weren't gonna really be all that many ladies swooning at my nautical dexterity, like none probably? And what about heading off into the boondocks and wanting to put the boat on the beach. Stern first. With the pointy end to the wind waves and botormoat wakes? The motor will have to tilt up. Rudder, too.

There's more to this reverie. I think the not-a-tug-anymore should still have a mission that involves towing. And since the original idea that got me into this mess in the first place involved what I'll call a bunkhouse shanty barge following along obediently. Well. Just tell me how I'm gonna get that bargelet AND a 14' tow boat on the same trailer. Go right on ahead.

So there I was wrestling with all these apparently conflicting needs and solutions, my college philosophy prof called it a dichotomy. My first CPO in the Navy called it a FUBAR. Same thing. Now you for sure know how this is going.

How am I gonna have the virtues of a Lucas Drive and a rudder behind the prop and be able to beach and be able to pull one boat on a trailer ahead of the other one all by myself because that's what happens to those of us unfortunate enough to be single handers? And, that's when the "plop" came. I CAN'T!

No good disappointment should be wasted. Not without working out some sort of a quit-the-field-and-declare-victory moment. For the students of recent history, you can insert the official version of Success in Iraq as ample illustration of this principle. Some of us might refer to that fracas we attended on and west of the Gulf of Tonkin as a better example. Anyhow.

I called my friend Sam, the aeronautical genius, just as soon as I could stop hacking and gagging over the aspirated Cheerios deal. Sam just loves to talk about CGs and CPs and other fluid dynamics stuff dreamed up by a guy named Bernoulli. Bernoulli probably choked on his Cheerios, too.

Sam and I had this absolutely scatter-shot discussion of foils and vectors and such engineering impedimenta. Great stuff. But what I really wanted to know was if the law of perpetual motion could maybe apply to a small boat the way it applies to the Federal Reserve. Actually, Sam's a rather died-in-the-wool fiscal conservative. So the joke was sort of lost on him. Unlike y'all.

So where else does this "plop" go? Well, I think I can maneuver a wind ridden, high hatted skiff with another wind ridden, high hatted skiff in tow with the same alacrity as I used to display with full keel sailing auxiliaries. This involves pointing a (dare I admit it?) two-stroke outboard obliquely at an off center mounted kick up rudder to create the poorest of poor man's bow thruster.

Hey, I gotta finish my breakfast. But I'll be right back to draw this thing out on the napkin. It's absolute genius! Whatdaya mean, this ain't rocket science? Of course it is.

I think I remembered much of what I had forgotten about small boat handling a while back when my friend Mike was attempting to teach me how to play pool. He's an excellent pool player. Even has a real pool table right smack dab in the middle of his living room. His wife Helen is really tolerant, I'd say.

When I suggested a similar notion to Kate, where I could display one or more of my boats prominently in our living room, you probably already know how that story plays out. But as I review how Mike can plan a shot where some ball over in that corner is gonna somehow find its way through a gaggle of balls grouped in the middle of the table and then knock yet another ball into a pocket in the same corner the other one started out, I get completely lost. That is, until I put it all in terms the rest of us can understand. Yeah. Put yourself in a small boat on that green felt table, mentally because Mike doesn't like keel marks in his playing surface. Presto. Moving a boat from here to there is just a bunch of ballistics. Rocket science.

So I guess you could say that this present discussion is all in the name of science. I for one didn't do all that well in math or physics back in school. I did go on to get an advanced degree in the behavioral sciences. We talked about "needs" and stuff like that, a whole lot more than "inertia" and "mass" and stuff you can actually count, measure, weigh and watch happen. But that's OK. Everybody knows that boats have feelings and they either want to do what we ask them or they don't. It's probably because of some sort of repressed memory from the building process or something like that. I can live with that.

For my own case, I figured that I needed a tug boat. I didn't NEED one like I need air,

or water, or a tandem axle trailer for *Lady Bug*. Not exactly existential, but close. You see, when Kate and I decided to move from the obviously carefree and completely hedonistic lifestyle of fulltime liveaboards on snowless San Diego Bay to our little place in the trees, a spot that Dave Lucas, currently reigning Bard of Tampa, is fond of describing as “that frozen hellhole in Almost Canada,” we didn’t completely have to swallow the anchor.

We’ve got a lake here and our homeowners’ association has a beach area with boat slips and a swimming dock. Don’t get me wrong, Dave has a grain of truth on his side. It does get cold here. The lake freezes over sometime after Thanksgiving and it stays much like a hockey rink without a Zamboni machine until about the equinox. Give or take. And this is why I need a tugboat.

Our docks here are pretty big. They’re set on a system of anchors and attached to the land with ramps pivoting on pins set in really big concrete blocks. The whole thing can take the surge and heave of being at the downwind end of the lake. Those docks can really get to rolling and lurching when the wind’s up. And that’s what docks are supposed to do. Problem is when the ice starts to turn into icebergs and growlers. When that ice, sometimes several feet thick, starts to moving around in the wind it can bust up just about anything in its path. Our docks are sitting squarely at ground zero so they have to be moved to a safer place for the winter.

Three of us codgerly types more or less volunteer to do that deed twice a year. Each of the boat docks have finger piers jutting out on both sides enough to accommodate 20 boats. Pushing one of these things around is much like taking two giant ‘fro picks back to back. They also flop side to side a bit due to a well thought out articulated joint in the middle. Lots of floppys and stickeeowtees. The guys who charge a lot for this job have an honest to goodness log boom tug. But, in an uncharacteristic proxism of fiscal restraint, I proposed a few years back that “we” could do this job ourselves and save a whole pile of money in the process.

Turns out “we” is just Ron, Jim and yours truly. There’s a lot of pulling and lifting and shoving required. Ron brings his little diesel front loader tractor down and we can pick up one end of the pedestrian ramps pretty much alright. Ron, bless his heart, also brings his 12’ aluminum fishing skiff with the veteran 15 horse Evinrude. And so far we’ve managed to get the job done successfully, fall and spring for a bunch of cycles now.

And yes, it turns out to be a lot like rocket science. And yes, we really could use a tugboat. It’s sort of a closely kept secret but it can get cold and windy here when it isn’t hot and calm. Rains, and even snows on occasion, when it’s not supposed to. So a boat with a roof on it would be nice, too. But mostly I NEED a tugboat.

The way it works with a light displacement cockleshell with a high revving, low powered egg beater on the square end is you can really only push, especially an essentially form changing, amorphous thing like our docks. Skiffs like this one are not supposed to be able to pull things around. You can’t really steer that way. So I push. Pretty much what I do is hook the bow eye under one of the fascia planks on each of the three dock systems we move separately. Then I keep everything lined up and “simply” head up the lake.

You could maybe say this is a lot like pushing a pickup truck up a rutted hill with a slinkie wedged in between the hood ornament on your sports car and the truck’s trailer hitch ball. Actually, quite a bit like that except you can’t really get out and walk on ahead when the going gets slow.

So that’s one of the reasons why I need a tugboat, one with a slow turning, big prop. One with enough low end torque to move big stuff around with some authority. One with a barn door rudder behind the screw. And, until yesterday’s episode with the Cheerios bowl, I figured I had it all worked out. Maybe still do. Probably.

Except Kate’s calling me right now. She wants to know why I have this anchor, chain and bollard piled up on her window seat. She probably doesn’t see the artwork in my composition. Maybe I can appeal to the need for further scientific enquiry. Probably not.

So with a small curtsy toward the fiat currency magicians, I think there is potential in “fooling” a boat into thinking she has a conventional rudder and inline propeller. Even when it ain’t exactly so. Like I was saying, boats have feelings and they can be persuaded to do things they don’t otherwise want to do. Sometimes. Of course, there’s a reason that boats are referred to in the “she” mode. There are normally unintended consequences to asking them to do things outside the box. But it works for those guys who print greenbacks with only cobwebs behind the door at Fort Knox. For a while. So this is how I think we can get m’lady to maneuver like she was a tugboat. I think.

Perhaps another teensey digression for illustrative purposes. I’ll be brief. Back when The Gipper was writing checks to buy the Navy a bunch of new destroyers and cruisers and other high end merchandise, I was assigned to a sort of backwater part of the burgeoning Second Great White Fleet. I was on a minesweeper. MSO’s, called “Oh-boats” affectionately by those depending upon one for transportation from one liberty port to the next. “Sweeps” were made out of wood and pushed around by purportedly non magnetic engines and drive trains.

Basically what we had were Cold War leftover ships built for sweeping Korean War minefields of magnetic and other low tech influence mines designed to blow up WWII steel ships with WWI mine countermeasures technology. You might say that Oh-boats of that era were much the same as grunts, dog faces, dough boys, plain ol’ cannon fodder of all wars past and present. Pretty crude. Pretty unglamorous. Pretty much left to our own devices.

Anyhow, back to the rocket science part of the story. Sort of. I think everybody at the bottom of every military “food chain” has their own black humor. Maybe it helps to ignore the obvious by regularly stating the obvious. In our case, the unofficial motto of sweep sailors is that “Every ship can be a minesweeper, once.” Of course, we were expected to keep the membership of that club as exclusive as at all possible.

Maybe your dad or older brother solemnly told you, as you packed off to boot camp, “Never volunteer for anything...” And to some extent they were correct. Just boring. I figure if you want to get off the bleachers and around to first base, you gotta step up to the plate to pretty much mash the metaphor.

In my case, one of the non standard jobs that I VOLUNTEERED for while on

the sweep was to be the guy who strapped an explosive charge under a rubber boat, clamped on a decidedly magnetic outboard motor and headed out to blow up a mine before it could do the same for a more valuable target. An interesting concept and fraught with a passel of uncontrolled variables.

First off, there’s the matter of hanging a bomb under a skimming boat with basically no lateral plane presented to the water other than the bomb and the straps and wires it’s slung from. About as easy to steer as an oak tree in a high wind, a whole bunch of unsteerable mass that should, by the nature of the beast, not want to move real quickly with as much precision as possible. Like bringing a big ol’ dock up exactly to the right spot so Jim and Ron can wrestle the anchor line into place and get the rusty clevis pins threaded without busting a finger in the process. What we gotta have is a steady source of low speed maneuverability, reserve thrust, with predictable results. Now that’s a wish list that seems pretty unlikely for most of the non tugboat owning crowd. Except.

Whatif? Whatif we could introduce a maneuvering rudder just when we need it? I mentioned the Bard of Tampa for a couple reasons. He has this really cool trailerablemotor-cruiserfantaillaunch that seems to slip along nice and straight without a lot of need to mess with the steering wheel. It has a high thrust four-stroke outboard pushing from the hind quarters. And everything is just hunky dory until he wants to slow down and turn sideways at the same time. And that’s the bane of everybody who tries to make an outboard motor do what its mom never taught it how to do.

The only way an outboard can really “steer” a boat is to shove the stern the wrong way to get the bow to point where you want it to. And at 30 knots, even 5 knots, that works reasonably well. It’s at the less than steerage-way speeds that outboards get to behaving like a hog on ice.

When we want to move the bow of our boat closer to the dock we have to push the stern away from that same dock. Except with low to non existant lateral plane, the whole shebang runs at a resultant vector very close to paralleling the prop helix. This could be one reason why Ronnie never showed up for a boat ride with me, even though I would have been glad to take him along. He would probably have gotten those wingtips wet jumping into a little rubber duck that bounced around like it was having convulsions. Except if he had, he’d probably agreed with me that sweeps really NEEDED iddy bitty tugboats to do that blow-IT-up-before-it-blows-YOU-up job.

Tradition being what it is, those Oh-boat guys probably don’t have tugboats even now. Hold that thought, OK!

It’s not exactly just a fixation with me, this tugboat thing. Not quite. But I’ve had a couple brushes with awkward situations where I said “gee” and the boat just continued to go “haw.” It’s always embarrassing. Sometimes expensive. Usually inconvenient.

As I was admitting a bit earlier, I used to volunteer for the gawdawfullest jobs when I was in the Navy. There was the PBR and Swift Boat episodes that I’ll save for another time as they have very little to do with the current discussion. But one particular episode that bears directly is the day that I was scheduled to get the ship underway from a tight spot, turn around in a tight spot and head out to sea.

Not such a tall order, except for a few basic notions. For one, I had never actually done such a thing before. Technically I was what can be referred to as an "admin puke" at the time. And, a junior ranking one, at that.

Normally the guy (ladies do it these days, I'm told) who is up there on the bridge giving the orders to the engine room, and the helm, and the deck force and just about everybody except the captain, is supposed to not only be an officer but an officer who has been trained to do this stuff. Me? I guess you could say that I was pretty much self taught. Anyhow, I had convinced the Skipper that I could become a conning officer. Not normal. Not particularly "legal." But there I was.

I had planned this thing to a faretheewell. I had all the helm orders and engine orders practiced and planned. I was ready. Until. Until the captain sort of nonchalantly turned to me and said, "let's go over there to make our turn."

Over there? Gulp! I didn't have a plan for that maneuver. And from there things went from bad, to worse, to pathetic, to comical, to a semblance of redemption. Here's the deal. This particular ship was just over 200' on deck, about 1,500 tons displacement and single screw. Oh yeah, she walked to starboard in reverse. And. This is a BIG "and." And she weathercocked in reverse. Oh yeah. And we were starboard side to the pier at that juncture. The backing turn he told me to make was to port. There's a way to do this without a tug assist. And anybody who has managed to turn a sailboat or a motor cruiser in her own length will have a visceral understanding of this.

Big or little, any vessel with a single propeller mounted on a non pivoting shaft will tend to skew off to the side when moving in reverse. Propellers are just a lot happier going forward. This is probably one of those relatively few times when an outboard motor can do better than a conventional inboard. You simply turn the motor away from its bad side and back away. Boats with fixed shafts and trailing rudders are pretty much limited to a maneuver variously known as backing and filling to get away from a pier, raft-up or similar obstacle. Then the object is to get the vessel moving fast enough for the rudder to develop steerageway in greater advantage than the prop. And so it goes. Sometimes well. Sometimes not so much.

As far as my episode with the ship that I was supposed to back down to port and all that? I ended up getting completely weathercocked and pointed the complete wrong way. It then got worse. I managed to get the ship cross wise between the pier and another ship. And then things got completely out of hand. To this day I can't say why I wasn't banished from the bridge for life. But instead, that was when I learned to twist a single screw ship in her own length. No bow thruster. No tug assist. Not so very much politically correct language involved either. It's just about the most beautiful thing you can do with a vessel. And it's probably a bigger learning event than even that first time you didn't fall over on your first bike. Absolutely EVERYBODY should be allowed to do this.

And yes, you can do it all day long with an outboard powered boat, too, until you are trying to manage a barge, or another boat or a detached dock alongside. And that's where this fixed shaft propeller and rudder astern is so darn useful. And in my case, with little *Shenanigan* it may so darn unattainable. So anyhow.

Here's a synopsis of the executive summary. Whatif? Whatif our of-necessity outboard powered craft was steered by a sailboat style rudder set off center? Whatif there was a dagger board set at approximately 30% of chord from the leading edge of the LWL? Whatif the dagger board was actually also a balanced spade rudder that was steered by an aft facing tiller that can be locked into various obliques or used to steer as the primary rudder if desired? Whatif the offset rudder and the free to swing outboard motor were used in opposition to turn the prop helix into a multiplier effect? (See, I told you this would be a lot like understanding how the Fed works.)

What I believe results in one of the most directionally stable and variably maneuverable boats around. As long as the operator has three arms and a reach of 8' or so. OK, so there's a few wrinkles to iron out. Just hold that thought.

It's a work in progress.

I just had the most wonderful thing happen today. Maybe you'll agree. The most central thing to this Lucas Drive scheme that I've been raking back and forth over the coals for a few pages now is the motor to run it. What I figure would do best is some sort of rider mower engine that has a vertical shaft that would have a belt pulley that would put motion to a similar vertical shaft sticking up through the bottom of the boat from an outboard motor gear box affixed to the bottom of said boat. But you gotta have a motor.

I put an ad in what I call the Boat Porn Channel, craigslist. I offered up a not in use two-stroke outboard motor in trade for a suitable four-stroke air cooled unit. A fellow from the other side of the state answered me and offered to complete the trade. Now this is winter and 300 miles away over a mountain pass. We decided that the best plan would be to UPS 'em back and forth. Sure. Sight unseen, email correspondence only.

I went ahead and got the little Johnson ready to ship and finally got him sent off. After a week, nothing had shown up here. I figured that I had simply received the reward most honest people receive these days. And then, today my notion of honor was restored. There was the UPS truck backed into my driveway. The Guy in Green shouted to me to bring my hand truck. Yep. Mr Briggs is here and already getting closer to making the ranks of Lucas Drive boats just a bit larger. Lots of shade tree engineering to go yet. Probably there will be a couple simpler trial units first. But shazam! It's just sooooo nice to know there are still people in this world who do what they say they are gonna do. Besides me. And you, of course.

So anyway, here's how this project looks from the wrong end of the telescope. As soon as I can get a few trailers and stuff related to moving boats from there to here and back to there again unfrozen from the ground and unblocked by mounds of snow, *Shenanigan* will return to the operating table. After some more wood butchery she should be ready to take a bit of a swim at one of our lakes that will hopefully also have gotten unfrozen at about the right time. Assuming that she seems like the roof is gonna stay dry and the basement stay wet, we'll start with the first iteration of power, steering and navigational essentials.

I visualize that first sea trial as having the 8hp long, long shaft Nissan mounted

conventionally on the centerline where one might expect a motor to sit. Then, I'll hang a sailboat rudder in pintles and gudgeons off center to port. This will be the first iteration of a steering thingie. The reason for mounting to port centers mostly on being able to hookup the old Ratheon autohelm to do the point to point transit steering.

Then, if everything seems copacetic, we'll come back in the shop for installation and actual invention of our version of the Lucas Drive setup. This, in and of itself, could be quite an undertaking. We're talking here about creating motor mounts, drive belt transmissions, finding and mounting an outboard motor gear box in a manner that was never conceived at the design level for really any production unit built in the past 100 years. Give or take.

Now, with a no longer pivoting propeller set up, there will be need for another rudder back there someplace. Probably centerline. Maybe just a tiller. Maybe a tiller connected to a whipstaff up front someplace. Hey, it worked for the *Mayflower*, didn't it?

We'll probably decide to mount some sort of skeg or vestigial keel forward of the prop assemblage. This may or may not include ballast of some type. Then the Evil Genius inventor will really have to come to work.

That's when the most potentially exciting part of this whole ménage comes into play. That's when I think I'll be able to cut a dagger board trunk into this once upon a time ski boat hull. That dagger board trunk will, of course, need to be located by the best available nautical engineering minds I can locate. Yep. That probably doesn't include a whole lot of folks who would care to get their fingers stuck to this particular tar baby. Mostly likely to be just me. Anyhow.

If you remember the old Crealock designed Columbia 29 auxiliary sailboat, maybe you also remember that balanced spade rudder that hung under the skeg. Possibly the only time one of those rigs has been seen in captivity. I don't know how well it really worked on those boats. Sometimes something works so well we just don't ever do it again.

In this particular case I think there's room for one more exception. *Shenanigan* will one day get a forward rudder that should work similar to a flanking rudder on a WWII landing craft. Stuffed down through that dagger board trunk I was talking about. Sort of. Mostly it's just a way to give a high hatted, shallow, forefooted girl a better grip on the water up there in the pointy end. For maneuvering, and maybe even service as a primary steering rudder. This is pure conjecture at the moment. But such things never really even slow up people who don't mind drilling holes and cutting slots in otherwise perfectly water tight boat hulls.

All this stuff in a 13'6" hull. Anyhow, that's the plan as I see it from here. Just don't hold me to the letter of it. And, thank you for that.



The thought of building a new boat in 2006 had not even entered my mind when David Moreno sent me a link to John Welsford's Navigator and Pathfinder boats. That simple link planted a seed that would soon germinate into something special. The fact of the matter was that I was quite content with my crabbing skiff, *Cinnamon Girl*, that I had built 14 years before. It had its limitations, which I had come to accept, but darn that Navigator looked good and comfortable, too!

The Navigator is 14'9" on the hull, has a 6' beam and is 21' from bowsprit to boomkin. She carries 130sf of sail on a yawl rig which keeps the center of effort low and provides three ways to shorten sail according to the conditions. The more pictures I found on the web and the more I read, the more intrigued I became.

I landed on two websites in particular, David Peritto's openboat.co.nz and a blow by blow photographic documentation of two Navigators built in the Pacific Northwest by a young woman named Barrett Fanuef. David's videos of his adventures with his boat sold the dream. Barrett's photos painted the picture of the building process. I studied those photos very carefully and made my own notes of particular details that I would want to replicate.

With twangs of guilt my beloved crabbing skiff was placed up for sale in the spring of 2006. With my daughter heading off to college in the fall I needed the proceeds from the sale in order to build another. Money was tight, real tight. I would have preferred to have seen and sailed a Navigator in person, but since there were not any in the vicinity, I went out on a limb and ordered the plans.

While I was waiting for the crabbing skiff to sell I began working on the smaller items that I would be able to make without a large outlay of cash and that could largely be made from the leftover pile of wood in my shop. Rudder, centerboard, bowsprit, boomkin and cheap plywood templates of the bulkheads were made and set aside. Being resourceful can really pay off and be fun at the same time.

The spars were made from a large mast and booms from a ketch that had broken up in Hurricane Isabel back in 2003. That mast was solid, 32' long and around 7" in diameter, I'm talking about a tree! Transporting that on the roof of my car was not one of the smartest or safest things I have done, but I got it home without incident and squirreled it away. At the time I didn't know what I would be using it for. As it turned out, 22' of it became a new foremast for *Cinnamon Girl* and the rest was waiting for the right project to come along, which ended up as spars for this Navigator *Slip Jig*.

Because the Navigator is so pleasing to the eye, bronze hardware (jewelry) was in order. That stuff is becoming increasingly more difficult to find and outrageously expensive. I began hunting on eBay and was able to get some real bargains. In one particular box lot, I landed the Merriman swivel cam cleat for the mainsheet and a realty cool Merriman quick release gooseneck for which I paid just over 20 bucks. An identical swivel cam cleat sold within the past month for \$233 so I think I did alright on that purchase. It did take me a little over a year to find the hardware that I needed for the boat.

Another particularly good find was in a craigslist advertisement for a Hobie 16. The Hobie had been sitting for years, did not have a rig and one hull was full of water, but

Slip Jig

By Kevin Brennan

Photographs by Andy Slavinskis

Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA



underneath that boat was a galvanized tilt trailer with a title that was the perfect size for the Navigator. Just \$250 later I was pulling that boat home. I stripped off the hardware, sold it on eBay and cut up the rest and hauled it to the dump.

The crabbing skiff finally sold in October 2007 and I delivered her to the new owner at the MASCF. I left the MASCF on Monday and stopped at Harbor Sales in Sudlersville, Maryland, on my way home to load up with plywood. I had effectively lost the entire sailing season with the boat at a broker's and did not want to lose another sailing season. My plan was to build as fast as I could without compromising the quality of construction. This would be the fifth boat I had built over the years but the first to the metric system and I have to say I loved it. It made me wish this country had converted over to it as was discussed back in the 1970s.

The strongback was built from discarded temporary stair stringers from a house my brother was building and then the real work began in earnest. In no time the skeleton of a boat was forming in my garage. The longitudinal stringers on which the planks would lay came from clear, vertical grained western red cedar that was discarded at the end of a home and garden show. I couldn't believe my good fortune stumbling across these pieces of wood. With the stringers in place the lines of the boat really became apparent and one part of me wanted to sit back and admire them for a while, but I pressed on with planking.

The garboards, not surprisingly, were the most challenging pieces to fit on the boat. The twist that the plywood was being asked to make was pretty substantial and two pieces just flat out refused and broke on me. But persistence, along with a soaking bath of boiling water, convinced the replacements that they could make the twist.

As many of you know, working with epoxy can be a messy proposition and if you remind yourself that neatness counts during the entire process then you will be rewarded with the results of less sanding in the end. For every piece that got glued into place I took extra pains to make sure that the joints and fillets were as tidy as possible and everything got cleaned up with a sharp scraper (Pro Prep) before the epoxy was at a full cure. This significantly reduced the amount of tedious sanding as I moved towards preparing for paint. Working evenings and weekends, I had the boat completed in nine months. I would

say that the last 20% of the work felt like it took 80% of the time. I wanted a high level of finish and spent the extra time to make sure that every little detail was neat and clean.

So, enough with the building stuff, how does *Slip Jig* sail? I would be lying if I said her maiden voyage went without a hitch. The centerboard didn't have enough lead in it to sink it and the bridle for the gaff had too much slack, but even with these hiccups, my enthusiasm wasn't dampened. Now that I have five years of sailing in *Slip Jig* I feel that I have learned how to sail her and I am not disappointed.

To start with the boat is extremely comfortable and dry with a surprising amount of room for just under 15'. There is an ample number of flotation chambers that double as stowage for gear. While she doesn't point as high as a modern Marconi rigged boat, she does have a good turn of speed. I've even had her surfing waves downwind. With the low center of effort of the yawl rig she tends to spill the air before she ships water, although that has happened on occasion. Her two reef points in the main can really tame her as the wind pipes up and I can still sail and make windward progress under jib and mizzen alone if need be. What I really like is that I can go out in conditions that would have kept the crabbing skiff on the trailer and still sail with confidence that I will get there and back without too much white knuckled sailing.



I think it was Pete Culler who is quoted as saying that experience is gained once you begin. If you are looking for instant gratification then building a boat is not for you. A boat like the Navigator is well within the skills of many builders and is a commitment of time and effort, but the rewards are great. Building a boat is certainly fun, but for me sailing is the endgame. There is something very gratifying sailing along in a beautiful boat that was built by my own hands and is uniquely different from nearly every other boat on the water. There are scads of ugly quick and dirty boats one can build that have the visual appeal of a hog trough. For me, if I am going to invest the time and money into building a boat then do it right. Like the T-shirt says, "Life is too short to own an ugly boat," and thanks to John Welsford, I can wear that shirt with pride.

About Our Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Kevin Brennan is a member of the Delaware River Chapter of the TSCA. The Chapter meets the first Tuesday of each month at the Red Dragon Canoe Club, Edgewater Park, New Jersey. The meetings are open to all. Anyone wanting information should contact Frank Stauss at fstauss@verizon.net.

Recently, I received yet another email message from one of our chapter presidents asking how he should answer a question from one of his members, "Why should we be members of the national TSCA; what do our members get from their association with TSCA?" It's a good question and I'll try to answer it here.

First, TSCA is and has always been a totally volunteer staffed and member driven organization. We have NO paid staff. Even the officers and council who do all the grunt work in membership fulfillment, magazine publishing and grant reviews are unpaid (and still pay their regular dues to boot)! Since it is a volunteer staffed organization, we are limited by the willingness of our members to do all the required work and any other perceived desired or "needed" work.

Second, as long as I have been in TSCA, the national organization has left local governance to the individual chapters and has not tried to direct them in how to develop or administer their programs. As a result, the chapters are quite diversified, ranging from informal, messabout only chapters like Puget Sound and Oregon Coots to those with significant local youth and community boat building projects like John Gardner (JG) and Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club (CROPC), to those closely associated with larger organizations like the Buffalo Maritime Center (BMC) and Michigan Maritime Museum (MMM).

So, what does the national TSCA do?

First, it provides a center point for organizing local small craft clubs and organizations and providing them with a national identity. The community we represent is small by any measure and, without a national identity, the various local groups would likely drift into isolation rather than provide mutual support. I believe our relative influence in the small boat community will become increasingly important as large museums like Mystic Seaport and other commercial organizations are less willing and able to provide financial support to small craft programs.

Second, we offer organized, insured on the water boating activities for members and their guests. We have contracted with the Gowrie Group for event liability insurance for all TSCA chapter activities. As part of that effort, we have become organizational members of US Sailing, through which the Gowrie Group offers this exclusive, affordable insurance. While the cost is significant, approximately \$4 per member per year, it has not caused any increase to dues to date.

Third, as a recognized nonprofit educational organization, TSCA provides local chapters with the IRS 501(c)(3) "umbrella" to keep the tax man at bay when it comes to donations and dues. Because of the diversity of chapters noted above that may not be important to the BMC or MMM chapters (who have their own nonprofit umbrellas) but has been VERY important in support-



What Does TSCA Do?

The Benefits Offered to National TSCA Members

By John Weiss

ing the community focused efforts at JG and CROPC (where prospective donors want the tax deduction for their donations) and at least incidental in other chapters.

Visibility of the national organization is provided to our members via our quarterly journal, *The Ash Breeze*, which is published by volunteers from material sent in by our membership and friends. We don't pay professional writers so the quality of writing simply reflects the varying abilities of our members to translate their boating experiences into words and pictures. Our editors have historically provided minimal copy editing of submitted articles, keeping with the member driven philosophy. The staff at Mariner Media does provide proofreading, photo touchup and enhancements and assistance to the story authors, as needed, to maintain the quality of the journal. An informal editorial board selected by the editors helps as needed.

Because of the editorial delay inherent in a quarterly publication, we moved a lot of the administrative writing to our website. Again, since it is maintained by volunteers with limited time and experience you may not find a weekly rotation of new and exciting pictures, but important events and announcements are posted within a day (and often within minutes or hours) of receipt. Chapter sites are, again, maintained by webmasters without interference from the national organization.

One of the most underused but potentially most useful services we provide is via our support forums on Yahoo Groups. A wide range of knowledge and experience is avail-

able via the various national and chapter forums. While you may have to sort through more messabout announcements than you might like, most members' questions are usually answered within a few days, at most.

Our website, along link exchanges with other similar organizations, brings in many questions from people outside TSCA who are potential TSCA members. I field phone calls from around the country and email inquiries from around the world on a weekly basis. A significant number of them come from our link on the ACBS (Antique & Classic Boat Society, the powerboaters' analog to TSCA) website. Apparently it is easier to get good and timely information from TSCA members than from the much larger ACBS membership! Most of those inquiries I redirect to other TSCA members via the forums and/or email. I cannot remember a single inquiry in 12+ years about some little known boat (including some classic powerboats) that has not brought at least one valuable piece of information to the requester via TSCA.

Among our relationships with other organizations is a cooperative agreement with Boat/US, the national boating lobby. The agreement brings our members a 50% reduction in Boat/US dues (simply cite Cooperating Group #GA84393B in your application/renewal) and access to several services such as their speakers' bureau, which can be useful for chapter meetings.

TSCA was born in response to concerns over adverse legislative proposals in the 1970s that would have effectively legislated homebuilt boats out of existence. Our IRS 501(c)(3) status makes it more difficult to do any overt lobbying, but our members have been able to respond to several recent local legislative challenges on the chapter level. Chapter organization is much quicker and effective in these cases, but spreading the word through the national organization is essential to keep boaters in other areas forewarned. While we are relatively small and insignificant in national boating politics, we now have at least a couple personal relationships at Boat/US that let our voice be heard on national issues.

Last, but certainly not least, we administer the John Gardner Fund which grants money to (usually) smaller organizations and individuals for small boat projects, who might not otherwise be able to get funding for projects of historical significance and/or community value. Our grant money is only limited by the willingness and ability of our members and friends to donate to the Gardner Grant Fund (professionally, independently and efficiently administered by the Maine Community Foundation) and the ability of grant requesters to present a reasonable case for their projects.

I hope this answers the question for you and for people you know. If not, just ask us, and we can provide more detail.



John Gardner Chapter TSCA January News

By Phil Behney
JGTSCA President 2013

Good progress is being made with the club dory conversion, the old seat and oarlock keepers have been removed. Andy, George and John dug out some rot in the transom and stem and began patching. Next we will cut and install new and longer keepers, add some ribs, seats and more. Bill reminded me that these dories have been in hard use for nearly ten years by many different people. They have been used for our annual Pine Island cleanup to haul trash and debris. The Sea Scout ship *Dragon*, Groton Girl Scouts, Ledyard community rowing, our chapter and many others have made good use of the dories.

A little background is in order so... Thanks in large part to Bill Armitage who applied and received a John Gardner grant to build the boats at the Clark Lane Middle School in Waterford, Connecticut, this gave the students a great hands-on experience which will probably be remembered for a lifetime. Originally the dories were single rowers, but as we began to use them Larry MaGee suggested we try converting a couple to dou-

ble rowers. The idea was coolly received at first, until a freak wind storm picked up one of the boats and blew it 500' across the parking lot, coming to rest against a stone wall. The boat was badly damaged and the general sentiment was to send her to the dump.

This was the opportunity we needed to try a little experiment. We patched her up, added new seats and two more rowing stations. Russell Smith and myself took her for a test row off Avery Point and were so pleased with her performance that we convinced the club to convert all four. So that brings us finally to the last boat in the shop now for the conversion. I've included a picture of the first conversion.



The Delaware Chapter TSCA Welcomes You

The Delaware River TSCA holds a general membership meeting on the first Tuesday of every month. Visitors are always welcome. Stop by and check us out! Meetings are normally held at the Red Dragon Canoe Club on the Delaware River in Edgewater Park, New Jersey, and at the Union Lake Sailing and Tennis club in Millville, New Jersey. During the warm weather months, members bring their boats to meetings for a round robin of evening rowing and sailing before the official meeting starts.

Meeting programs are planned to both educate and entertain the members and their guests. Programs range from presentations by product manufacturers, to multimedia presentations on the histories of indigenous small craft in the region. Members frequently provide presentations on their own building projects, sail camping trips and the personal creations of gadgets and processes employed in their sailing and rowing activities. Meetings are lively, interactive and educational.

Interested persons are invited to inquire for details of upcoming meetings.

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Ready to roll on her trailer, spar and oars stowed.



Whitehall plank repair underway.



Close up of plank repair.



Trunkside removed to be rebbed.

New steam bent frames going in.



Dad's John Gardner Whitehall

By Rob Hallett

My Dad built this Whitehall, his first and only boat, after a class and lots of time spent with John Gardner about 40 years ago. It ended up with my brother who died in Las Vegas. No wooden boat should ever go there! I loved it enough to have had it shipped back to Pennsylvania in a luxury car hauler and had it restored in an excellent shop that you wouldn't expect to find in Pittsburgh. Always it had indoor storage, sometimes at some considerable sacrifice, in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Nevada, Pennsylvania again, lots of time in Maine over many thousands of miles.

I want to find a good home for Dad's boat. It is ready.

My surviving brother restores old canoes and I am, hopefully this winter, building a pair of kayaks. So the boat blood is there but we are "boat on the roof rack" people.



She has an attractive sprit rig.

Rebuilding the Hallett Whitehall

By Patrick Hopkins
Village Boatshop Lawrence, PA
(412) 518-7196

"I recently rebuilt this John Gardner Whitehall, a 14' Spirit model with a skeg keel and offset centerboard trunk. It was well built but had several cracked frames, leaks around the centerboard trunk and some cracked planks.

I removed the centerboard trunk and rebbed the parts of it that I could take apart. I also reshaped and painted the centerboard itself.

The cracks in the planking were repaired by routing out the cracks to half depth and epoxying in cedar Dutchmen.

New steam bent white oak frames were installed. All of the fasteners were snugged up and the planking was puttied.

All spars and the two sets of oars were refinished and everything received a couple of coats of either oil, varnish or paint.

This boat is for sale and is offered as a complete setup with sails, rigging and trailer for \$9400. Please contact me for more information. The boat is at this link: http://www.villageboatshop.com/john_gardner_whitehall.html



New frames completed.



Interior oiled.

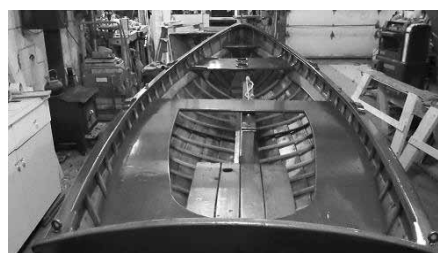


Sheer plank, stem and keel varnished and hull primed.



Centerboard trunk reinstalled with new frames.

Interior varnished and reinstalled.



Traditional Small Craft of New Jersey and the Delaware River Basin



Delaware River TSCA Messabout (Photo Andy Slavinskis).

Traditional Small Craft of New Jersey and the Delaware River Basin

By Mike Wick

New Jersey, better known for its high taxes, corrupt politicians and scenic views of oil refineries along the turnpike, gets no respect. The professional football teams still call themselves New York and even the state university shuns the New Jersey name. While it may be the butt of late night comics' jokes, those of us who live here and are into boating know that it and the Delaware River Basin have a rich heritage of beautiful and unique small sailing and rowing craft.

What other area can claim designs as diverse as the racy and challenging Delaware River Tuckup, the graceful Melonseed, the sleek, double ended Rail Bird Skiff and Delaware Ducker, Garveys and the numerous variations of Sneakboxes and Jersey Beach Skiffs to name a few? The skinny local waters, combined with the hunting and fishing needs and some skilled and imaginative boat builders have left us with a wonderful legacy of small boats to sail, to build and to dream about.

The purpose of this website is primarily to provide a resource for those interested in building these boats. It can serve as a "Wikipedia" for boats of this region, with inputs from those who have built and sailed them. Under the "Design" tab each design or model will have its own page and then link to pages contributed by builders of that particular model. Under "Articles" there will be, well, articles related to building and sailing them. Realizing that all neat old boats aren't from here, there is a "From Away" tab that will take you to building sites of boats that don't have this local heritage but potential builders might find useful.

If you have built or sailed any of these boats and would like to contribute, send your material to info@TraditionalSmallCraft.com.

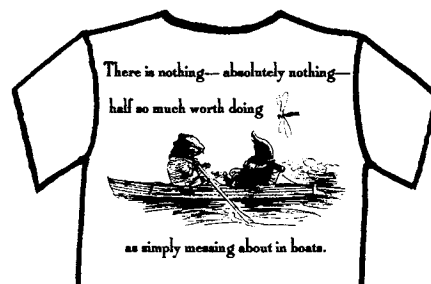
If you have your own website or blog, provide the linking information or, if not, we can add a page for you to describe your project. Please edit your text to include building experience and techniques, materials, time and if you dare kept track, dollars invested. Photos should be edited to 72dpi and no larger than 600 pixels if possible as that will help with the posting. Also include any photo or text credits if desired.

This project is, and will always be, a work in progress. You can help it evolve by submitting material. Suggestions, inputs, thoughts and edits are encouraged and should be sent to us at info@TraditionalSmallCraft.com. The Traditional SmallCraft.com site was developed, and is supported, entirely by volunteers who are more than slightly smitten by these great little boats.

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The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, located on Washington's beautiful Olympic Peninsula, has begun accepting applications from prospective students for its 33rd year of instruction, which will begin October 1, 2013. Enrollment forms may be found on the School's website at www.nwboatschool.org.

Locally known as "The Boat School," it is located on the water in Port Hadlock Washington, at the southwest end of Port Townsend Bay on the Olympic Peninsula. The School is accredited by the US Department of Education recognized Accrediting Commission of Career Schools and Colleges (ACCSC). The School's mission is to teach and preserve the skills associated with fine wooden boat building and other traditional maritime arts with emphasis on the development of the individual as a craftsman. Scholarships, Federal assistance and Education Credits may be available to qualified applicants who are US citizens.

The School carries on the vision of its founder, Puget Sound area Master Shipwright Bob Prothero, to teach and preserve the skills and crafts associated with wooden ship building. It strives to impart sound, practical knowledge in traditional maritime skills, using wooden boats as the training medium. Students range in age from 19 to 75 and older. About 15% of the School's 60 students are women and 30% of the School's students are retired people.

The School's campus includes four boat shops and a fifth 6,300sf shop that opened in April 2011, in addition to the School's administrative offices and an extensive library. Northwest Sails, which is associated with the School, maintains a large sail loft on the School's campus which is used for accredited sailmaking and rigging instruction from January through early April in the winter quarter.

The School also has a certified welding program as well as a sawmill and blacksmith shop, and partners with the local Community Boatbuilding Program in an on-campus shop to offer high school programs accredited through the local high schools. Programs



The Boat School provides hands-on accredited vocational instruction in boat building.

The Sailmaking and Rigging Course is taught in the winter quarter from January through early April each year. It is a standalone course.



NW School of Wooden Boatbuilding 2013-2014 Season



The Boat School is on the water in Port Hadlock, Washington, at the southeast end of Port Townsend Bay on the Olympic Peninsula.

include accredited nine-month diplomas and 12-month Associate Degrees of Occupational Studies (AOS) in Traditional Small Craft, Traditional Large Craft and Contemporary Wooden Boatbuilding. Also offered an accredited three-month Certificate program in Comprehensive Sailmaking and Rigging, as well as short workshops during the days and evenings.

A typical day at the Boat School runs from 8am to 5pm. Students spend from 8am to 10am in the classroom and from 10am to 5pm in the shops with an hour for lunch and breaks morning and afternoon.

During the first semester, all students take the Basic Skills course. Students gain familiarity and hand tool expertise through a series of progressive exercise projects which include a series of joints, a dovetailed toolbox, a wooden plane, a half model and other skill building projects. Classes and practical skills in drafting and lofting culminate in student built wooden skiffs by the Holidays.



The classic American Whitehall was built by Traditional Small Craft students and shipped to owners in Boston, Massachusetts.

Rugged and traditionally built Pacific Northwest motorsailer *Ama Natura* under construction.



From January through mid June annually students work in teams to build at least two and more often three progressively more complicated boats in each of the major classes.

Summer Repair and Restoration as well as Interior Yacht construction classes round out the academic year, which concludes with graduation in mid-September.



The 62' Robert Perry-designed *Sliver* was the first boat built in our new Jeff Hammond Boatshop. It is an ultra modern sloop built with a strip planked hull covered in fiberglass inside and out. Hull and foam core deck and interior were built separately on CAD/CAM molds and epoxy glued together as construction proceeded.

Boat School Launches 26' Tug For New Owner on Traverse Bay, Michigan

Report and Photos by Pete Leenhouts

The Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding completed work on a 26' wooden tug last August 15 at their shops in Port Hadlock, Washington, and launched the vessel at the Port Townsend Shipyard in a brief ceremony. Chief Instructor Tim Lee led the project from selection to completion. After successful sea trials, the vessel was shipped to its owner and will be used on Traverse Bay, Michigan.

The tug was designed by famed Pacific Northwest nautical architect H.C. Hanson in the mid 1950s for the US Forest Service. Three vessels are believed to have been built to the design at that time for use as Scaler's boats. Scalers are the individuals in a lumber crew who determine the amount of board feet in each log.

Lee selected the iconic design for his Traditional Large Craft classes at the School. "It's a great design. We wanted to keep the boat affordable in maintenance, operation and berthing costs, yet big enough that a couple could take advantage of this great cruising ground here in the Northwest in all sorts of weather," he said, "It is representative of the work by H.C. Hanson and the boats of the Pacific Northwest which are some of the best looking and well designed work boats ever built. She really looks like a little fishing boat. It would be quite well suited for three season cruising in our area and elsewhere, and could easily be adapted for year round cruising here. It was a wonderful project for our Large Craft classes."

Construction began in 2010. The Traditional Large Craft class lofted the boat, constructed its keel, stern and transom and framed out the boat. The 2011 class planked the boat and built the majority of the deck-

house, while the 2012 class completed the deckhouse, finished the interior to the buyer's requirements and installed the engine and systems. Instructors Ben Kahn and Sean Koomen assisted Tim Lee, as did local shipwright and alumnus Leigh O'Connor.

The new vessel was built as a cruising boat with more luxurious accommodations than those designed for the original Scaler's boat, including a custom convertible berth, cooktop, wheel and storage areas. The more adventurous could take a long range trip. Lee said that a trip he and wife made in their Folkboat up the inside passage to Alaska guided the building process. "You spend most of the time motoring so a power boat makes the most sense. My wife and I spent a lot of time wearing our "foulies" sitting at the tiller in our Folkboat, watching the fishing fleet pass us on their way north with the crew sitting in the wheelhouse. We were just stuck out in the rain. Besides I think it would be great to pull into some little bay full of fishing boats in the Hanson, we'd have all the fish we could eat!"



The Class of 2010 lofted her, built the backbone and framed her.

Halfway there, the deckhouse being installed by the Class of 2011.



Nearing completion by the Class of 2012.



Deckhouse receiving its canvas overlay.



Evergreen Boat Transport hauls her from the shop...

and off to launching in Port Townsend.



Chief Instructor Tim Lee rides her down the ramp into the water.



Pierside awaiting sea trials.



Sea trials carried out successfully.



Saturday Shop Talk at Tumblehome Boatshop

By Cynde Smith

Please join us for Saturday Shop Talks at our Tumblehome Boatshop on March 9 and April 13 from 10am-12n (stay tuned for following months). During these informal events, boat builder/restorer Reuben Smith will talk about each of the 12 historic and classic wooden boats on the shop floor, ranging in size from 11' to 33'. Learn about each of the boats and the work being done. Got questions about your own boat? Ask away. We're happy to share what we know.

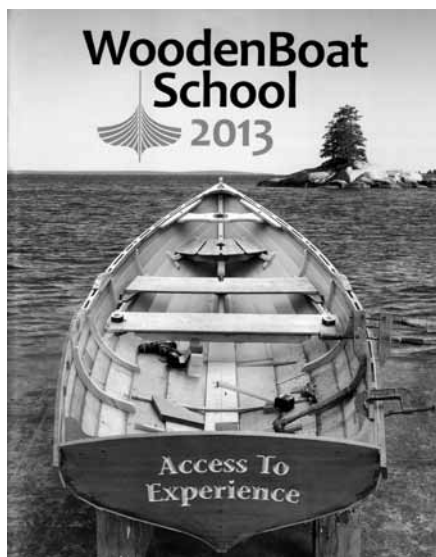
Attendance is free but registration is appreciated, just respond by email or call the shop. Tumblehome Boatshop, 684 State Route 28, Warrensburg NY, Exit 23 from 187, follow signs for Route 28/North Creek, (518) 623-5050, cynde@tumblehomeboats.com



Gadfly, 33' 1930 Hutchinson Sedan owned by the Antique Boat Museum of Clayton, New York.

Welcome to WoodenBoat School

By Rich Hilsinger, Director



Welcome aboard our 2013 Wooden Boat School. If you browse through our website at www.thewoodenboatschool.com (where you can request our catalog) I'm fairly certain that there will be something that grabs your attention. When you receive your catalog you will find a lot of information packed into it which you can take your time to read carefully and follow through



by getting in touch with us if you have any questions or wish to register for any course(s).

In Frank R. Wilson's fascinating book, *The Hand*, the author celebrates the importance of our hands to our lives today as well as to the development of our culture. Our hands play a key role in our capacity for thought, communication and creativity. At WoodenBoat School we present a wide array of "hands on" courses that will both stimulate and inspire you. Classes are small and intimate, allowing each student the opportunity to receive plenty of personalized attention from his or her instructor. And our students are as diverse and fascinating a bunch as you can imagine, all ages and from all walks of

life with all levels of woodworking and boating experience. The common denominator is a passion for good boats, understanding them, building them, using them and, most importantly, enjoying them.

Our 64 acre campus is located on the beautiful coast of Maine in the small community of Brooklin, an area steeped in the traditions of boat building and fishing. It's an easy place to settle in, relax, live in comfortable accommodations, make new friends and learn new skills. Dedicated staff and faculty are more than willing to share their expertise with all who are interested. So come join us this season and help our WoodenBoat School celebrate our 33rd year!

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The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop



Launch & Graduation December 2012

It's always a celebration when a new boat slips into the water for the first time. Add to it the commencement ceremony of a student's two-year apprenticeship, a glorious, sunny, 50° day on a Rockland Harbor empty of other boat traffic, and we have The Apprenticeshop's December, 2012 Launch & Graduation Day.

We celebrated the achievements and contributions of Kit Macchi, who received her certificate and participated in the traditional "Nailing of The Shoes" ceremony, founder Lance Lee claimed that all grads leave a bit of their soul here at The Apprenticeshop!




Built in collaboration with fellow apprentice, Brigit Jividen, Macchi and her teammate launched their 15' Grand Banks dory, commissioned by the Friends of Maine's Seabird Islands.

First term apprentice Rachel Davis also shared the spotlight with the launch of her first build, a Susan skiff. In the photo apprentice Chris Konecky shoves off as Davis readies the oarlocks and apprentice Daniel Kreisher settles in the stern.

It was a fantastic launch day and a large crowd of supporters joined us for the celebration.





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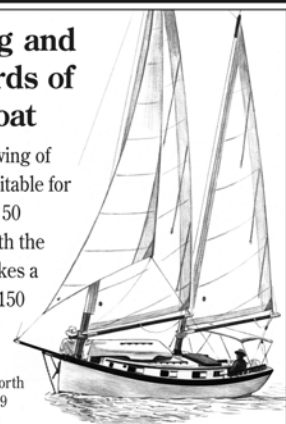
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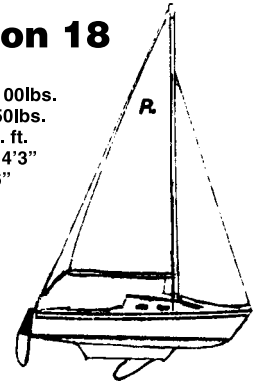
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Chesapeake Light Craft Offers “Sectional” Kayak

Three-piece kayak offers versatility and convenience to apartment dwellers and travelers

For more than 20 years, Chesapeake Light Craft has been designing functional and appealing kayaks and small boats and selling them in the form of kits and plans. At home, amateur boat builders assemble these boats into varnished, furniture-like beauties, widely admired for their handling on the water. But what if you don't have room to store a 15' kayak? The Shearwater Sectional solves the problem.

Developed by CLC with designer Eric Schade, the 14'6" Shearwater Sectional is a performance oriented kayak that successfully bridges the gap between high performance, comfort and stability. Spin loose five bolts at the watertight bulkheads and the Shearwater Sectional packs down to fit into a closet or a small hatchback car.

A sister to CLC's popular Shearwater Sport kayak, the wood composite Sectional has been divided into three manageable parts that assemble in minutes. It can be stored in a garage, shed, closet or displayed in the corner of an apartment living room. It could be hidden away aboard a cruising yacht or even stowed in a light aircraft and flown into the outback.

"Apartment dwellers are limited either to expensive skin-on-frame collapsible kayaks or a rented spot in a boathouse," says John C. Harris, Chesapeake Light Craft's CEO. "With the Shearwater Sectional you can have a high performance touring kayak and store it, too."

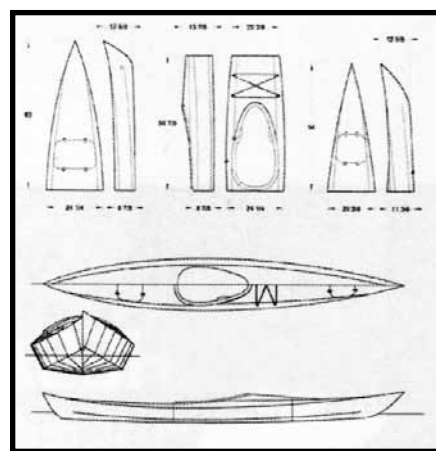
At 48 pounds the Shearwater Sectional weighs a bit more than the stock Shearwater Sport but retains every quality that has made the original a huge hit with paddlers. The design combines the proportions and great looks of West Greenland style kayaks with compact dimensions for the perfect compromise of light weight, sharp handling, effortless cruising speed and an extra large cockpit for comfort. Watertight bulkheads and flush mounted deck hatches are standard, so many builders will camp out of the boat.

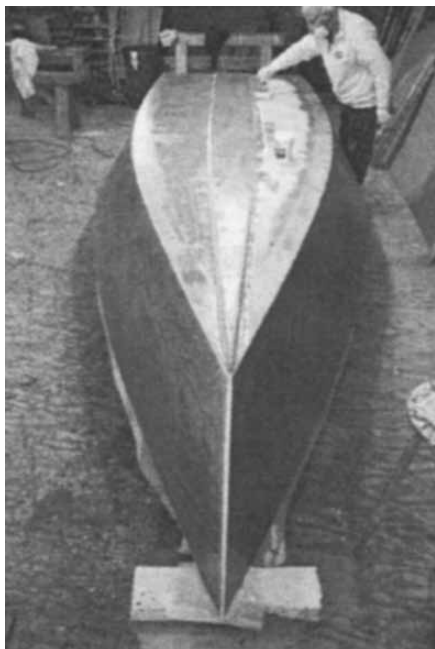
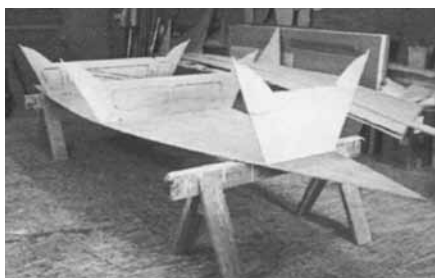
"The payload is ideal for up to a 220lb paddler plus gear," Harris explains. "But the Shearwater Sectional is proportioned to fit anyone from 100lbs on up."

The Shearwater Sport's construction follows the proven stitch-and-glue process used to build thousands of CLC kayak kits. A dark sapele deck is standard. The Sectional kayak is built at full length in the usual fashion with the addition of carefully designed structural bulkheads at the joints. When construction is nearly done, out comes the saw. Using cut lines clearly marked in the kits, builders cut between the bulkheads to create three watertight pieces.

"The obvious application is the paddler with a storage challenge, either an apartment or just limited space, but the possibilities for travel with a kayak like this are endless and enchanting," Harris says.

For more information visit the Chesapeake Light Craft website, www.clcboats.com/sectional.





Chesapeake Light Craft Offers 15' Utility Skiff

Ease of construction and good looks, a winning combination for kit boat specialists

Chesapeake Light Craft has broadened its range beyond the previous scope of more than 80 kayaks, canoes, dinghies and sailcraft to include an outboard skiff. Designed by John C. Harris, this light but sturdy fishing and utility skiff, a "crab skiff" as they're known on the Chesapeake Bay, has been dubbed the "Peeler" after the Chesapeake slang for soft shell crabs, a local delicacy. "There are so many small outboard skiffs, you have to ask yourself, 'Why design another one?'" Harris says. "For me, the point was to create a really solid, good looking skiff that you can build quickly and cheaply in your garage."

The Peeler is intended for smaller outboards, 8hp to 15hp. With capacity for four adults, plenty of stability and a big, open interior, it's ideal for crabbing, fishing, exploring or just knocking around. The thick, flat bottom provides a stable platform for casting or working trap. A 15hp yielded 23 knots on the GPS in flat water, but the Peeler is happiest at half throttle or with a smaller outboard. The boat's "sweet spot" is 11-12 knots with a full load of passengers or gear, burning scarcely any fuel.

The Peeler Skiff is within reach of first time boat builders who have a little experience with epoxy. Although it's a bigger project than CLC's kayaks and dinghies, there's not much woodworking. The computer cut kit features intricate slot-and-tab features that will remind builders of the super easy "flat pack" furniture. The kit includes a 112-page shop manual with hundreds of photos and drawings illustrating every step.

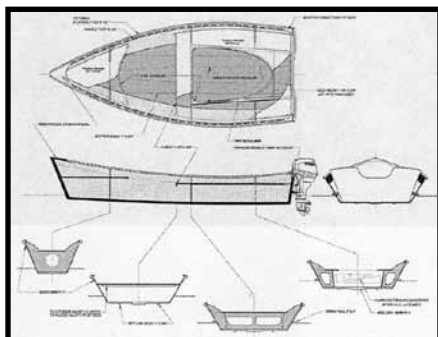
Heavy coatings of epoxy and fiberglass stiffen the plywood structure and create surfaces that require no more maintenance than a solid fiberglass boat. Foam-filled flotation tanks fore and aft are part of the hull structure and provide over 1200lbs of positive flotation.

The Peeler Skiff underwent a long and very careful period of development, including multiple prototypes and extensive certification tests performed by the Coast Guard, unusual for a boat kit. Full details on the testing can be found at www.clcboats.com/coastguard.

"Flat bottomed power skiffs go back a hundred years and they will always bring you home if the skipper has any common sense," said Harris. "The boat can be kept on a plane in the typical wind chop found in the lakes, bays and rivers that are its natural habitat. The Peeler Skiff is comfortable and safe in big waves, if the operator backs off on the throttle."

Twenty of the Peeler Skiff kits were sold immediately, which Harris says is a startling introduction in the small niche of the build-your-own-boat kit. The complete kit costs \$2499, which includes everything but the paint, varnish and motor. Shipping in the Lower 48 averages around \$200. Many builders have opted to simply buy the plans and manual (\$199) and build from scratch.

For more information, visit the website at www.clcboats.com/Peeler or contact Chesapeake Light Craft at info@clcboats.com or (410) 267-0137.



Chesapeake Light Craft will be running 30 of their popular Build Your Own Boat classes (which they have been hosting since 1994) at locations around the country in 2013. Over the last 18 years CLC boat building classes have launched more than a thousand wooden boats and introduced thousands of students to the joys of boat building.

In CLC classes, talented professional instructors help students assemble their own boats from start to finish. Most classes are 5½ days, a perfect one week vacation, with a boat to take home at the end, ready for finish work.

Demand for the classes remains strong year after year as the word spreads. In 2012 CLC ran more than 30 classes at sites in Maine, Connecticut, Maryland, Michigan and Washington. 2013 locations will include the legendary WoodenBoat School in Brooklin, Maine, the Connecticut Valley School of Woodworking in Manchester, Connecticut, the Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle, Washington, the Northwest Maritime Center in Port Townsend, Washington and the Great Lakes Boatbuilding School in Cedarville, Michigan (all in beautiful maritime locations).

Chesapeake Light Craft

Build Your Own Boat Classes

While CLC's precision cut boat kits are intended for first time boat builders working at home (more than 30,000 completed CLC boats are on the water), a classroom setting still has its advantages. Students work in lavishly equipped shops with a professional boat builder at their sides and enjoy the positive energy (and extra hands) of a group setting. For those who bring helpers, classes are a rewarding and memorable parent-child or family experience.

Students in 2013 can select from 18 of CLC's most popular designs. Paddlers can choose from high performance touring kayaks like the Shearwater and Chesapeake series, or recreational types like the Wood Ducks and ultralight Sassafras canoes. Sailors have their choice of everything from an 8' lapstrake dinghy to a traditional 17' dory. In the performance rowing category there are

single or tandem sliding seat designs called wherries. Newer offerings in the CLC boat building curriculum include multiple classes for the popular Kaholo Stand-Up Paddleboard and Cocktail Class Racers. This year there is even an ambitious class to build a 15' powerboat called the Peeler Skiff in Michigan in August.

Those unfamiliar with modern wood epoxy composite boat building can watch examples of these week long classes condensed into 90-second time lapse videos at clcboats.com/timelapse.

Tuition for the week costs \$800 and the various boat kits range from \$750 to \$2,500. More information on clcboats.com/classes.

(Chesapeake Light Craft's mission is to help people build boats. Specializing in the amateur boat builder, CLC offers kits and plans for a huge variety of small craft that are easy to build, plus all of the lumber, hardware and supplies unique to boat builders. The range includes kayaks, canoes, dinghies, skiffs, rowing craft and sailboats from 8' to 31'. Educational programs are a large and growing facet of CLC's broad expertise.

2013 Chesapeake Light Craft Build Your Own (BYO) Classes – By State*

Class	Dates	Location	City	State
BYO Petrel or Petrel Play kayak	01/12/13 - 01/17/13	Ct. Valley School of Woodworking	Manchester	CT
BYO Passagemaker Dinghy or Eastport Pram	02/25/13 - 03/02/13	Chesapeake Light Craft	Annapolis	MD
BYO Wood Duck kayak	03/25/13 - 03/30/13	Chesapeake Light Craft	Annapolis	MD
BYO Annapolis Wherry rowboat	04/08/13 - 04/13/13	Chesapeake Light Craft	Annapolis	MD
BYO Annapolis Wherry rowboat	04/15/13 - 04/20/13	Chesapeake Light Craft	Annapolis	MD
BYO Kaholo Stand-Up Paddleboard	04/22/13 - 04/27/13	Chesapeake Light Craft	Annapolis	MD
BYO Northeaster Dory	05/06/13 - 05/11/13	Chesapeake Light Craft	Annapolis	MD
BYO Chesapeake Kayak	05/20/13 - 05/25/13	Chesapeake Light Craft	Annapolis	MD
BYO Sassafras Canoe	09/09/13 - 09/14/13	Chesapeake Light Craft	Annapolis	MD
BYO Shearwater Sea Kayak	09/23/13 - 09/28/13	Chesapeake Light Craft	Annapolis	MD
BYO Petrel or Petrel Play kayak	10/14/13 - 10/19/13	Chesapeake Light Craft	Annapolis	MD
BYO Skerry Daysailer	10/21/13 - 10/26/13	Chesapeake Light Craft	Annapolis	MD
Stitch & Glue Boatbuilding with John Harris	07/07/13 - 07/14/13	The WoodenBoat School	Brooklin	ME
BYO Shearwater Sport Kayak	07/14/13 - 07/20/13	The WoodenBoat School	Brooklin	ME
BYO Northeaster Dory	08/11/13 - 08/17/13	The WoodenBoat School	Brooklin	ME
BYO Sassafras Canoe	08/18/13 - 08/24/13	The WoodenBoat School	Brooklin	ME
BYO Annapolis Wherry rowboat	09/15/13 - 09/21/13	The WoodenBoat School	Brooklin	ME
BYO Jimmy Skiff - Father's Day Special	06/14/13 - 06/16/13	Great Lakes Boatbuilding School	Cedarville	MI
BYO Eastport Pram	06/17/13 - 06/22/13	Great Lakes Boatbuilding School	Cedarville	MI
BYO Sassafras Canoe	07/08/13 - 07/13/13	Great Lakes Boatbuilding School	Cedarville	MI
BYO Sea Island Sport Sit-On-Top Kayak	07/08/13 - 07/13/13	Great Lakes Boatbuilding School	Cedarville	MI
BYO Shearwater Sea Kayak	07/15/13 - 07/20/13	Great Lakes Boatbuilding School	Cedarville	MI
BYO Wood Duck kayak	07/15/13 - 07/20/13	Great Lakes Boatbuilding School	Cedarville	MI
"BYO Cocktail Class ""Skua"" Racer"	07/22/13 - 07/27/13	Great Lakes Boatbuilding School	Cedarville	MI
BYO Peeler Skiff	08/05/13 - 08/10/13	Great Lakes Boatbuilding School	Cedarville	MI
BYO Shearwater Sea Kayak	08/13/13 - 08/18/13	Great Lakes Boatbuilding School	Cedarville	MI
BYO Northeaster Dory	04/08/13 - 04/13/13	Wooden Boat Foundation	Port Townsend	WA
BYO Annapolis Wherry rowboat	05/06/13 - 05/11/13	Wooden Boat Foundation	Port Townsend	WA
BYO Passagemaker Dinghy or Eastport Pram	05/10/13 - 05/15/13	Wooden Boat Foundation	Port Townsend	WA
BYO Kaholo Stand-Up Paddleboard	07/09/13 - 07/14/13	The Center for Wooden Boats	Seattle	WA

* As of January 1, 2013. Additional classes may be scheduled.



There are two ways to set up and build a boat, with a jig or without a jig. Jigless construction can be "free form" in which the side planks are attached to the stem, then wrapped around a center frame or mold and fastened to the transom. Other jigless systems are "stitch and glue" and "tack and tape." As the names imply, with these methods the various hull components are lashed together with temporary ties, then thickened epoxy is troweled on all the joints. When the glue dries the hull is pretty much finished.

These methods can all produce a boat faster than traditional techniques, but when no building jig is used it is hard to keep the various hull parts in perfect alignment, the result often being a boat with humps and twists where there should be only fair, sea kindly lines. The advantages of building on a rigid form are numerous. Besides keeping the hull structures perfectly aligned, anchoring the hull to a stout framework allows all the rough handling required in assembling and fairing the boat to be done without the chance of something going adrift.

Some insist that jigless construction is much cheaper because of the cost of materials required for the building jig. For my style of boat building, in which I use a ladder frame jig, that simply isn't true. Not only are the components for the jig few in number, but in some types of boats many of the parts remain in the finished boat as rigid frames. The only materials that are left over are the stringers and cross cleats, which can be recycled into other projects or used for building another boat since this type of jig is generic and nearly universal in its application.

The Building Jig

By Warren Jordan
Jordan Wood Boats
www.jordanwoodboats.com

An incidental advantage of the ladder frame system is it can be set up at varying heights for working on different parts of the boat simply by changing the sawhorse supports. I've even taken advantage of this loose knit system to flip the whole setup over like a rotisserie when I needed to do a particularly tedious job on the other side of the boat. For small boats there's no need to anchor the ladder frame jig to the floor or overhead, the only consideration being to make sure the stringers are perfectly parallel and remain so during the entire building process.

With larger boats, however, it might be necessary to anchor the setup to the ceiling or floor to keep it from springing out of shape when the various longitudinals are sprung around the hull. Whatever type of jig is specified in your plans, don't hurry here, the jig is the foundation upon which the boat is set up and its accurate and solid construction is one of the keys to the successful outcome of your project.

The Ladder Frame Jig

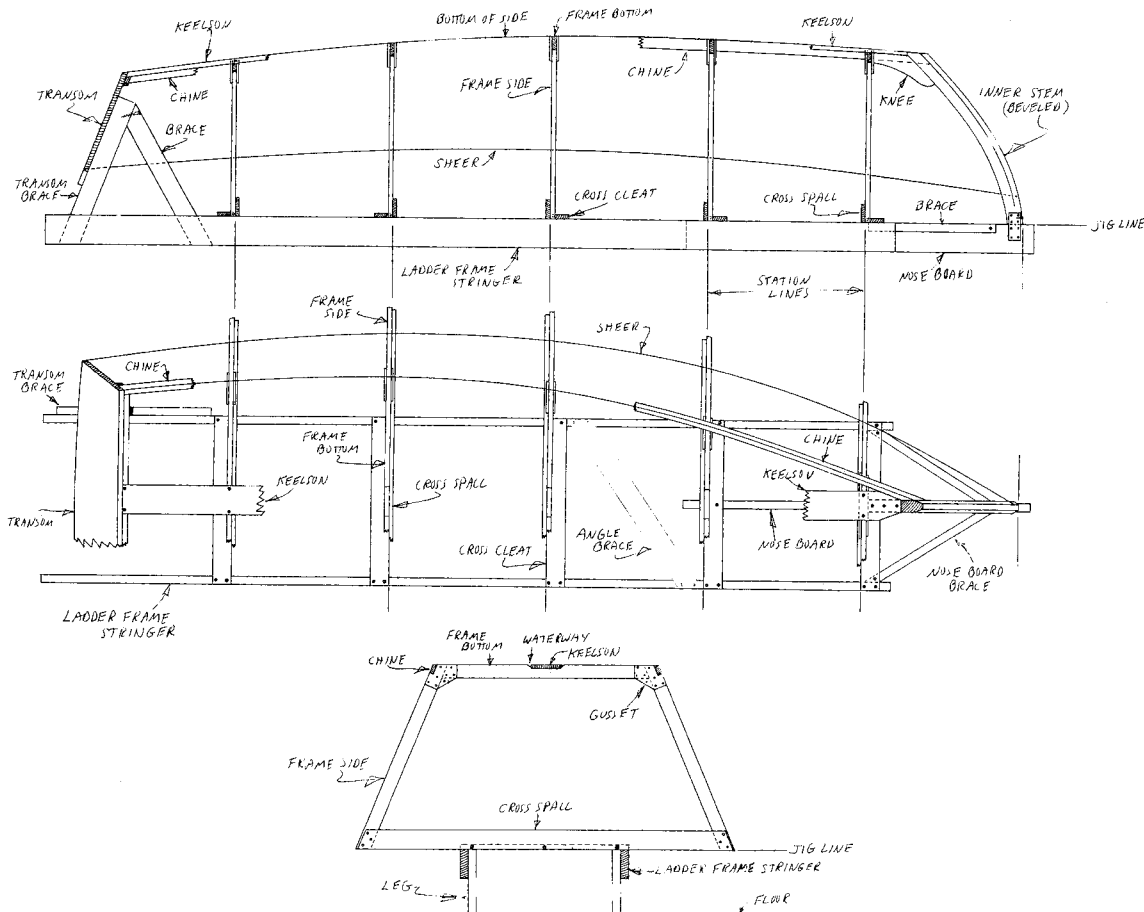
The ladder frame jig (see the skiff setup drawing) is extremely simple both in component and construction, requiring only two longitudinal stringers and some cross pieces. The stringers (2"x4" or 2"x6") are normally

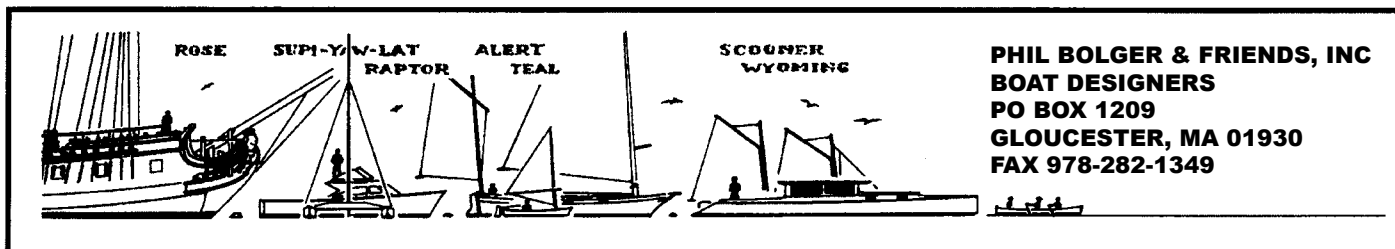
about as long as the boat but must be long enough to anchor the braces needed to support angled transoms. For sharp bowed boats the longitudinals can be somewhat shorter because an extension of the jig (nose board), on centerline, supports the stem. This piece is simple to install, requiring only a 2"x4" long enough to reach to the stem head and span at least the forward two cross cleats.

Braces should be attached between its forward end and the stringers to prevent sideways deflection. Lay the stringers side by side and use a square to mark the station lines on both simultaneously. The cross cleats (one per frame or mold station) can be 1"x4" and must all be exactly the same length. They are attached in the marked positions on the longitudinals. An angle brace is attached, forming a triangle that keeps the assembly from changing shape. After the jig is assembled, locate and mark the centerline on all of the cross cleats by stretching a string line between the end cleats. That's all there is to it. The setup of the construction components on the jig will be discussed in a later installment.

The Strongback

For traditional style boats built in the upright position, the keel is usually secured to a strongback which supports the boat during construction. The strongback is simply a 2"x6" on edge, supported at both ends and the middle at a convenient working height by 2"x4" legs that fan out on both sides in pyramid fashion. If the boat has rocker to the keel, the top of the strongback is either cut or shimmed to match the rocker.





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Phil Bolger and Friends on Design

Phil Bolger wrote: "When Dr Gast first approached me, he had in mind a cupronickel hull with steel framing and an aluminum superstructure. This was a construction well regarded at the time though one would think that there were hair raising possibilities of electrolytic action. A few vessels were built with it, on the theory that its non fouling properties would make it economical to run. First cost proved too high in this case. Aluminum was then considered but finally rejected because of a suspicion that it was vulnerable to very cold temperatures (the vessel was supposed to be capable of sub arctic use). She was finally designed for conventional mild steel.

She was to be based on Humboldt Bay in northern California, which has a notorious entrance bar. Hence, primarily, her ultra shallow draft, but it seems obvious that any research craft (any craft!) has a much enhanced range of usefulness if she can investigate the many wide waters of the world that are four feet deep. Leeboards save much space, are readily repaired and don't get foul. Much cruder leeboards than these, in vessels of this size and much heavier, used to be routinely used in some of the world's roughest seas. The lifting skeg rudder assembly, with hydraulic drive buried in the rudder blade, was the owner's idea. It drew seven feet when lowered, enough to keep it from pitching out often, but could be swung up to the 3 1/2' hull draft and could be free to bounce up if she took the ground when it was lowered.

She was built by a single welder over a period of many years. Rather early in construction the owner asked me if there was any objection to lengthening her. Since she had a fair length of perfectly parallel "dead flat" mid body I said, 'surely, the longer the better.' I was thinking of 6' or so, but I forgot to ask how much he had in mind. It turned out to be 29'! I had specified when I accepted the commission that my construction specifications were to be signed off on by an independent naval architect. In fact, he found all well and did not suggest any major changes (the double bottom, slightly arched, gave her great longitudinal strength) and apparently the longer vessel was still stiff enough. At her launching she looked very well.

We've never had any performance reports and it may be that she has not been rigged to sail. The originally designed ketch rig was motorsailer size, intended to be used

Steel Leeboard Oceanographic Research Vessel *Phouma* (1981) Design #410

96'6"x16'0"x3'6" x 90.2 long tons (designed displacement) x 3518sf sail area

in conjunction with her engine for steady-ing and to extend her range. At one point the owner had me draw a sail plan with a 2500 square foot dipping lug. He had found an account of a 19th century English yacht that had a dipping lug about that size and was said to be very fast. That's not hard to believe, dipping lugs give powerful drive indeed, but having had to set and take in one of 950sf and owned one of 450sf for many years, it's also easy to believe that the English lugger had a professional crew of 40 men. No doubt it would be possible to arrange power handling of the lug, but no plans were made for it by us. It's worth noting that the ketch rig was intended to have all single part running rigging to dedicated winches, and the lead of the gear assumed that she would not be short-handed. As designed she had 16 dedicated berths without intruding on considerable laboratory and dining/lounging space.

Verdict: Still seems a good concept. It's quite remarkable that research vessels are seldom if ever built with very shallow draft. It's hardly arguable that it must increase their utility. I suppose that most authorities, especially the academic ones that usually have to pass on such projects, don't accept, are probably unaware of, the evidence that shallow vessels are more seaworthy and seakindly than deep ones. It's likely that the very long construction time of *Phouma* was due to Professor Gast having to push her through practically without support."

Susanne Altenburger adds: "The boat was welded up outside along the waterfront by his brother, as shown in the photo. As a mechanical engineer he took the construction on as a personal challenge and as a favor to his brother to get this large project in the water for the least budget. In a letter he claimed to particularly enjoy designing and detailing the various systems and sub-systems. Obviously, this is quite an astonishing feat. Thus she received her 6V-92 Diesel, can carry 9000 gallons of Diesel, with the hydraulic drive plus gearbox in her rudder successfully demonstrated and

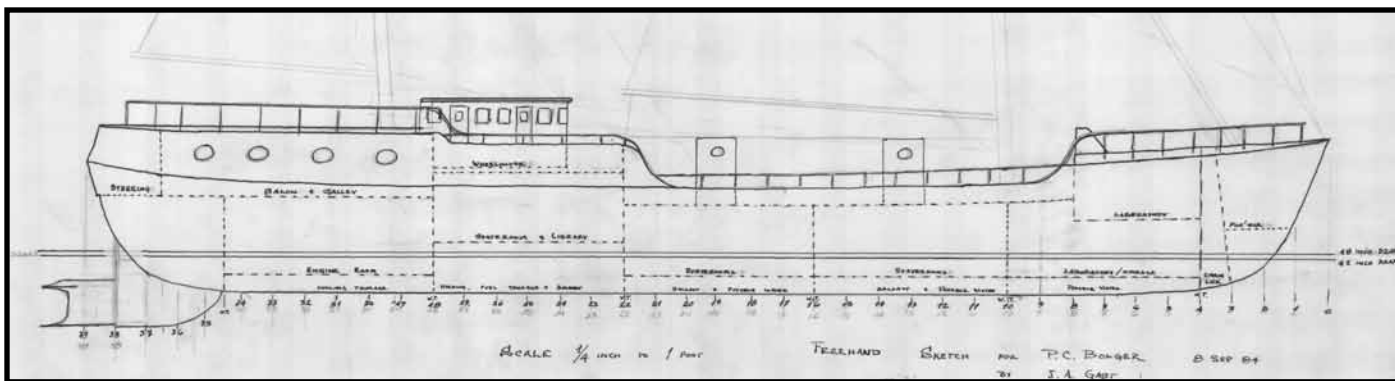
has indeed been driven under power in her waters inside and outside of Humboldt Bay. Her two masts are standing, with the mizzen and stay sails available and used but without her mainsail or yards completed as yet; unfortunately, there is no good set of photos of her in that state. Unusual for most of Phil's and later our shallow draft sailing craft that can venture well inland amongst trees and towards bridges, these masts are not designed with tabernacles.

In a recent conversation Dr Gast confirmed that in his experience her particular attributes and proportions would be superb as a research vessel. Her rugged bottom and shallow draft would open up tidal and riverine waters after inshore or offshore passage, while at sea or in narrow waters her silent sail power would offer better science amidst sensitive ecological phenomena.

Tragically, the research duty for his Institute at Humboldt State University in Eureka, California, never materialized. Instead, the university apparently decided to purchase a very conventional twin screw wide hulled power boat geometry with none of the ecological or shoal water attributes, essentially an Anti *Phouma*. Via photos on the internet it would seem that both craft are tied to the same pier?! This must have been indeed a massive personal setback for the Gast brothers. She's now been afloat and able to power for about two decades, but today a lot of her interior remains to be finished. However, she appears in reasonable exterior condition after all these years. And subject to a thorough examination of her status, she might still come to serve in her original purpose, as the underlying logic for her proportions and particulars has only increased in relevance and conceptual power. We sure do need more ecologically sensitive research vessels to do appropriate science on.

In order to capture many more details of her deck, masts, bow and stern, etc, I have asked volunteers within reasonable distance of Eureka, California, to enjoy a day's worth of an expedition to seek her out, bring a car-toppable boat along to get her best angle from the water and capture many images of her for our archive. Currently she lies on the western pier of the Woodley Island Marina across the water from downtown Eureka. In return for copies of photos I could only offer proper credit in print and later a copy of a design collection book in which she will be featured."





Dr Gast's sketch of his 29' elongated modification of the original design.



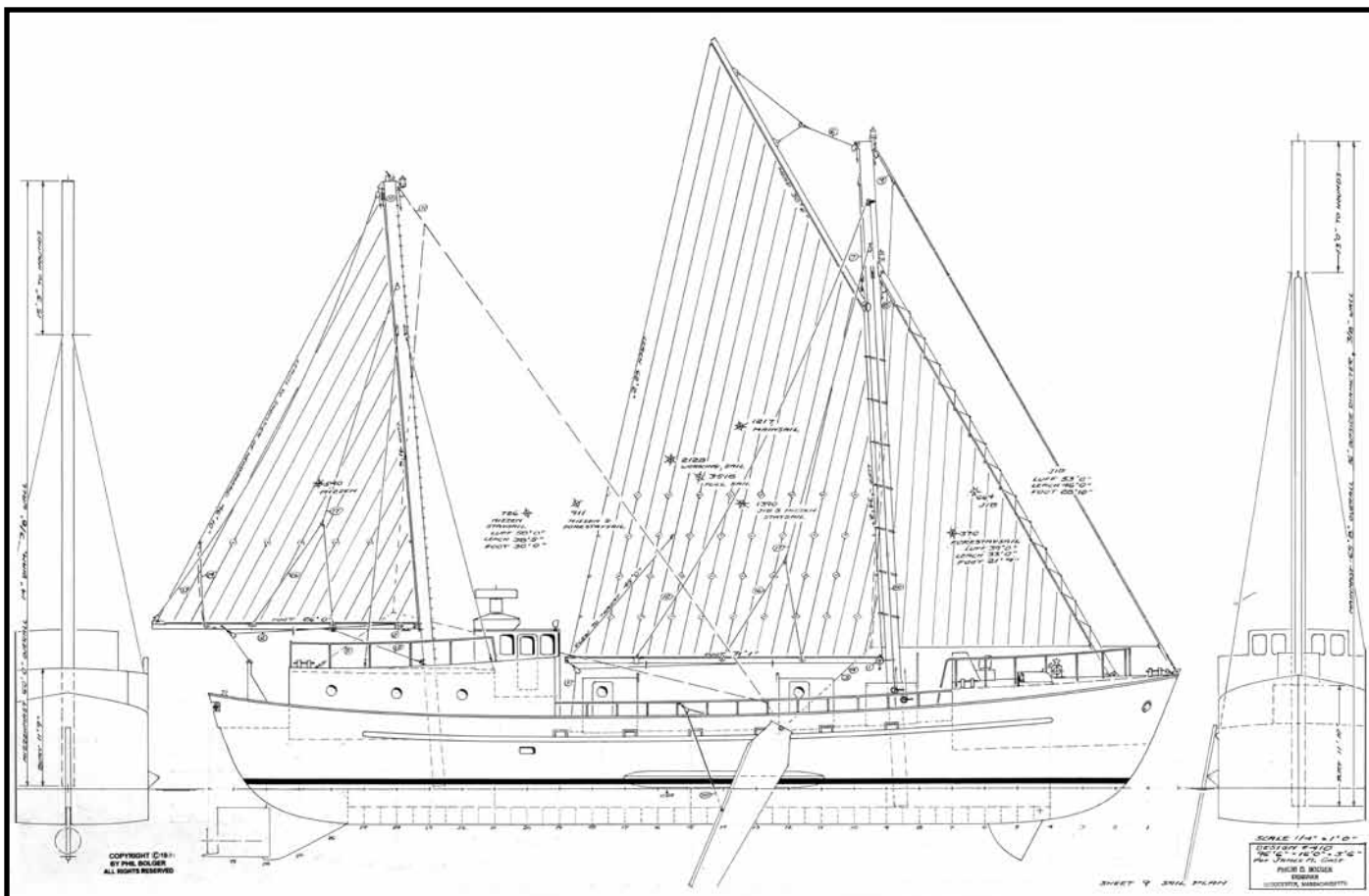
Under construction on the waterfront.



Nearing completion.

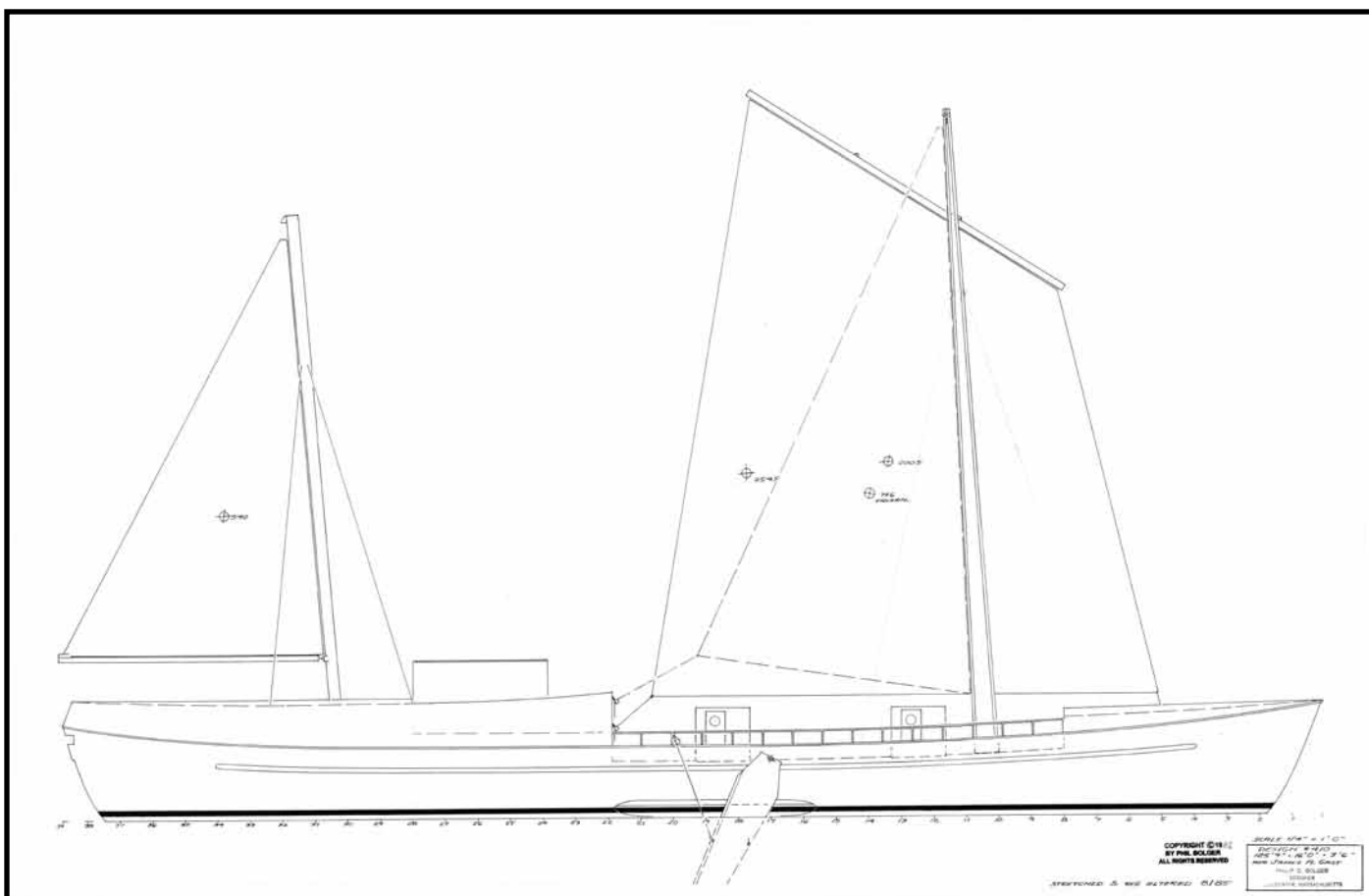
Afloat but unrigged.

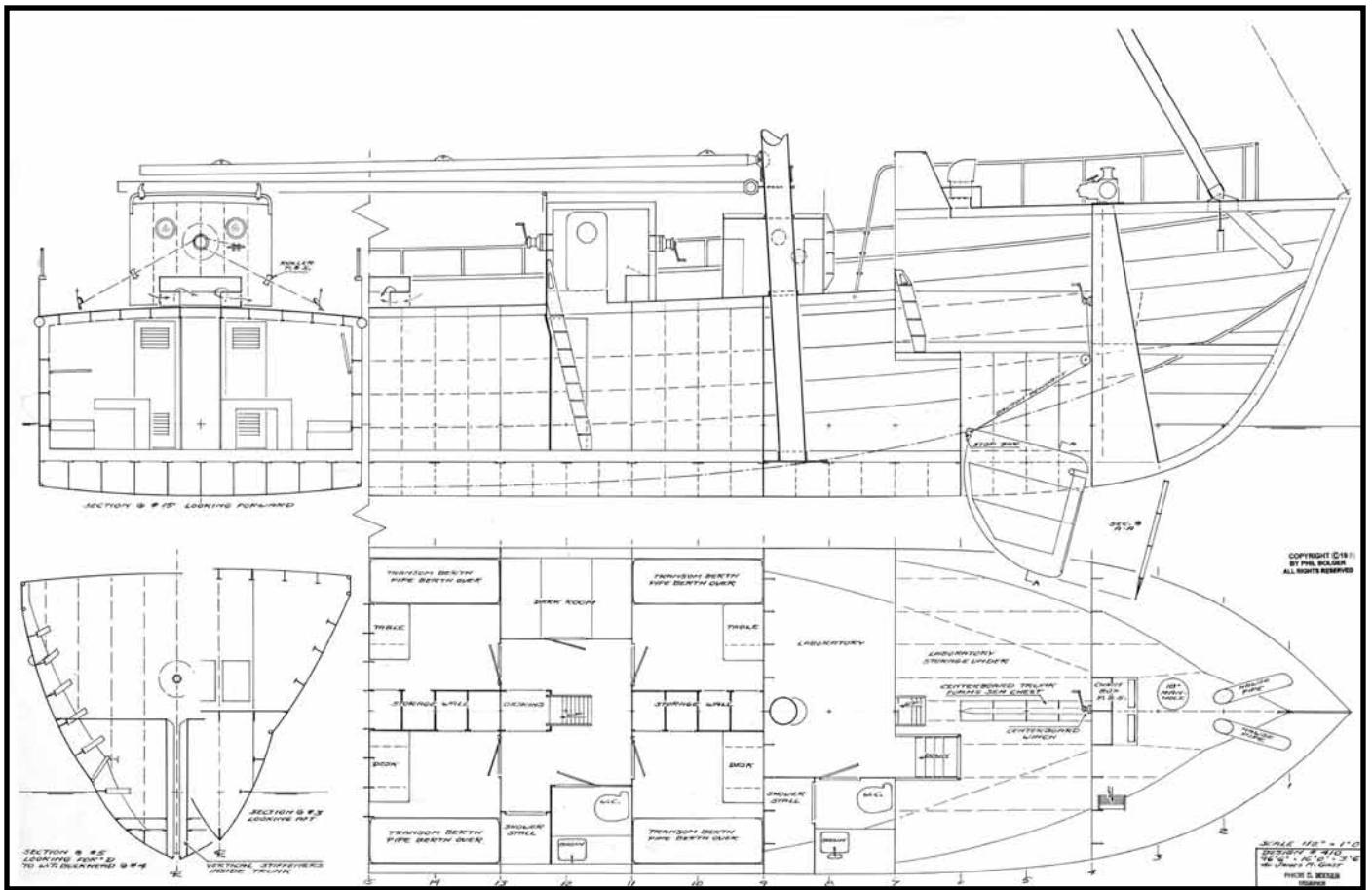




Sail plan option 1.

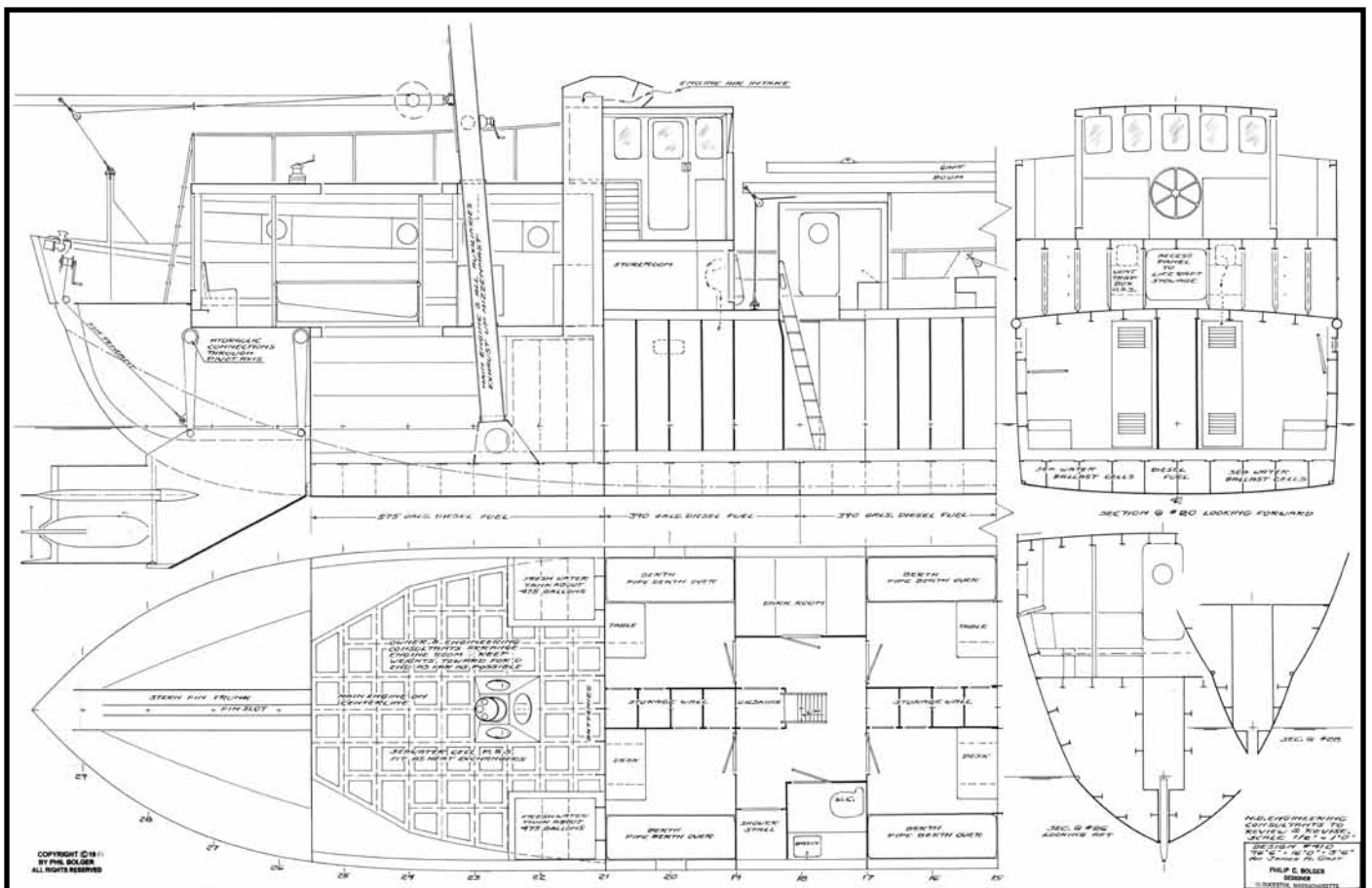
Sail plan option 2.





Layout forward.

Layout aft.



Do you have a collection of "old" tools? By this I mean tools that are 15-20 years old (or older than that). I have some that I'd be thinking about advertising for sale and then find I still needed for some project. The other day I was putting together an electric pressure washer and found that one of the pre-drilled screw holes was not complete. I needed to finish the hole to insert the screw and finish the project. My three types of electric drills were closed up in the back of the hearse and the electric garage door was down. Rather than opening the door all the way to get to the back of the hearse and get out one of the three drills and then put everything back, I pulled out a manual drill that is probably as old as I am. With a small drill bit inserted in the chuck, I was able to create the necessary hole for the screw in about a minute. While I could have used my ancient Yankee Screwdriver, the necessary "push" to make it work might have exceeded the strength of the plastic material at that point. The manual drill allowed me to be more sensitive in terms of the pressure exerted on the material being drilled.

I find that manual tools provide a finer "touch" when working on some projects than a similar powered tool. An electric screwdriver is very nice for extracting screws and for the initial insertion (especially long screws). But the final tightening of the screw seems to work better if done by hand. I can feel the "tightness" of the connection. This also seems to be true with hand socket wrenches (or open/box wrenches) versus a nut driver operated by compressed air or electric power. Granted, most powered wrenches have an internal release when the nut will no longer turn, but I find the resistance "feel" of the wrench more useful to avoid over tightening a connection. There is a reason that many



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

automotive/marine parts have a maximum torque designation.

One of my projects has been to remove some of the "kinks" in my boat's bilge hose. I am thinking about running a good deal of its length with some PVC pipe. I am seeing more PVC type piping in boats. It is being used for various types of water transferal (and I have seen a few using such pipe as diesel fuel fill piping). One nice thing about PVC is that a slight bend can be put in the line with the careful use of a heat gun. This allows curving the line to match the curve inside the hull. A problem with PVC is patching a line if it breaks and the installation did not allow for the line to move. There is also the question of access to the proper size pipe and glue to make the fix. Unless allowing for vibration, PVC can crack much more easily than copper pipe. One installation I saw used rubber hose sections (with the necessary clamps) as vibration dampeners. Of course, such work involved finding the proper sized rubber hose to fit over the PVC pipe.

Then there is the question of what type of PVC pipe to use. PVC pipe comes in a wide range of diameters, from 1/8" to 24" and up. There are three grades of PVC; Schedules 40, 80 and 120. The lightest, Schedule 40, is commonly found in homes, as is the slightly beefier Schedule 80, although to a lesser degree.

Schedule 120 is generally for industrial, high pressure applications.

Then there is the "Furniture Grade" pipe. Unlike plumbing grade PVC, Furniture Grade PVC pipe is a UV stabilized pipe, which means it will work perfectly for outdoor

PVC structures that are exposed to sunlight. I have also seen thin wall and thick wall PVC pipe. It looks like more research on this subject is required.

On a different subject, the buoyancy and stability of a boat is important. After the sinking of a number of commercial and pleasure boats (reportedly because they were overloaded), it is reported that the determination of the capacity of a boat is being considered in terms of weight instead of people. One "rule of thumb" for the number of people on a small boat is a formula that multiplies the length by the beam and divides the result by 15. I guess the definition of a small boat for capacity calculation is the key to the discussion in capacity, stability, and safety of a vessel.

My Sisu 26's LOA is about 25.4' with a beam of about 9.75'. If I use the formula of length times beam divided by 15, I get a capacity of 16 people! There is not enough room on the boat for that many people if everyone is to stay inside the gunwales.

OK then, let us consider capacity by weight. The calculation based on weight has to consider the "live load" as well as the weight of the boat, fuel, gear, engine, etc. Unfortunately for most of us, determining the weight capacity of a boat is a bit complicated. According to information available from the American Yacht and Boat Council, Inc, the maximum weight capacity (with the boat in operating condition, all gear, standard fuel load, etc):

"The maximum weight capacity of inboard boats is determined by obtaining the boat's cubic capacity below a static float plane, converting this volume to the weight of water it would displace, subtracting the boat weight, and permitting one pound of load capacity for each seven pounds of remaining displacement.... (Standards and Technical Information Reports for Small Craft H-5, 5.6.3.1)."

Essentially the same type of calculation is used for an outboard powered boat. In either case of propulsion type of motor, the process takes a good deal of math. I think I will leave such calculations to the experts. However, one rule of thumb concerning stability is to keep the weight low. A flying bridge increases the height of the center of gravity as related to the boat's center of buoyancy. Too much weight too high up and the boat becomes unstable and can turn over (think of standing up in a canoe in rough water).



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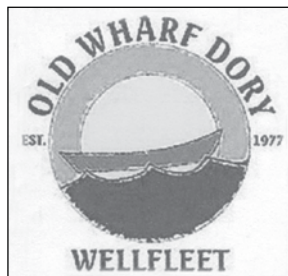
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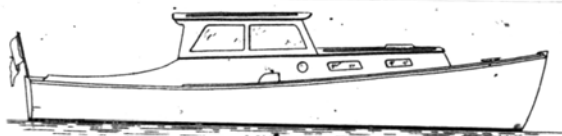
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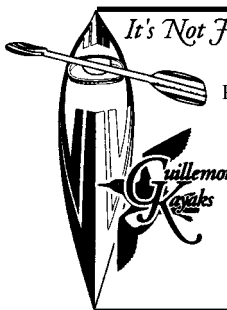


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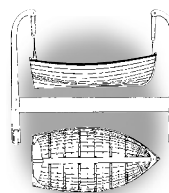
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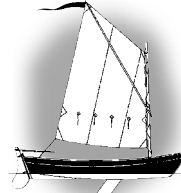
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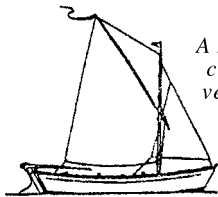


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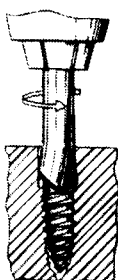
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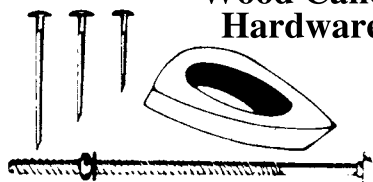
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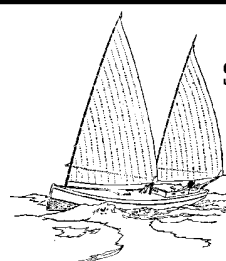
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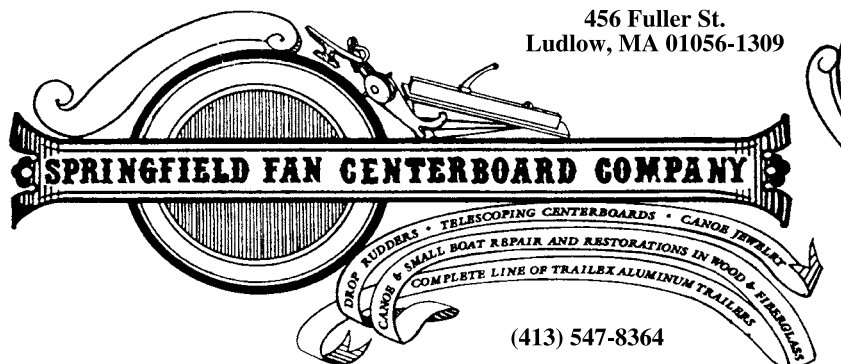
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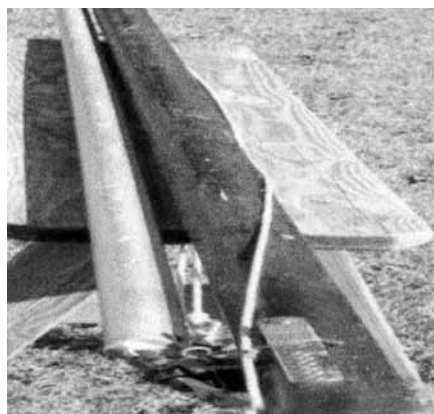


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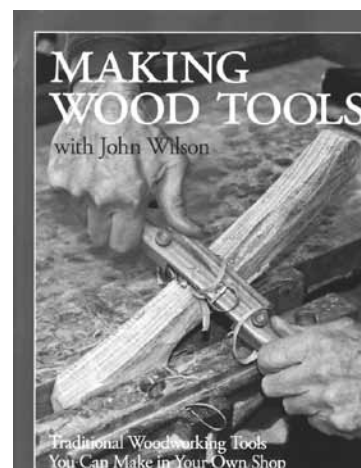
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Years ago my wife and I stayed at Wawbeck Great Camp on Upper Saranac Lake. The trip included fly fishing with Joe Hackett, guide and founder of Tahawus Limited. Joe met us with his cedar guideboat strapped to the truck. It was old and well used...but when he put it in the water, it floated gracefully, swan-like. He loaded it like a mule for our trip. Still, it remained swan-like. I was taken by the lines. I had never rowed a boat that looked remotely like this, just seeing it sitting on the water spoke volumes as to its potential. Later that day I rowed the boat myself. My wife and I were treated to calm water, a beautiful sunset and a boat that knew how to respond to a light touch on the oars. I felt something of a spiritual connection with the boat. The next day we had caught a couple of nice sized rainbows and Joe grilled them over an open fire that night. We camped lakeside and the next morning I awoke with a case of guideboat fever. Before we parted company I asked Joe where a person might buy a guideboat. He said there were several able builders in the area, but referred me to the Adirondack Guideboat Company over in Vermont. On our way home we stopped at the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake where I bought a copy of "Boats and Boating in the Adirondacks" by the Museum's curator of boats, Hallie Bond. When we got back to Florida, I continued to stoke the fire by reading the history of the Adirondack guideboat.

Eventually I bought myself a Kevlar guideboat, named Lily, after Claude Monet, my favorite painter. I recently planned a long row for myself on the St. Johns River in Central Florida. When I arrived the marina was dark as pitch, bass fishermen were ahead of me, waiting to back their boats down the ramps. By the time I offloaded Lily I was alone and the sun was up. With a few pulls on the oars the noise from the road was replaced by the sights and sounds of waterfowl, osprey, herons, cranes, ducks and the occasional vigilant alligator sunning itself on a log. Except for palmettos and an occasional palm, the trees lining the riverbank were barren of foliage. They were, however, draped in grey Spanish Moss hanging heavily from their limbs. I rowed 31 miles that day. I felt truly alive, even if my 75 year old body scolded me for several days thereafter. Bill Banner, Winter Park, Florida